HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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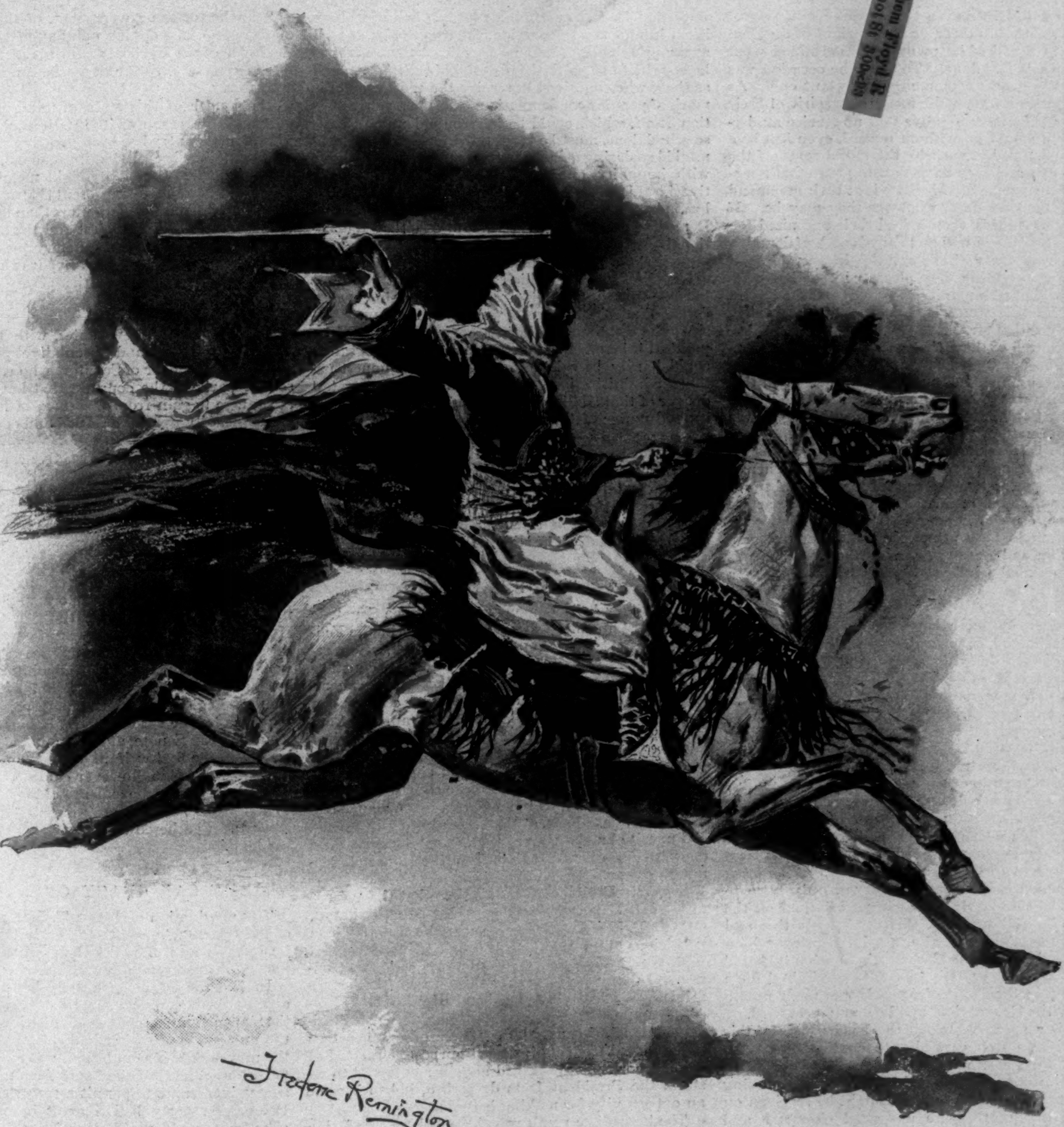

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A NOTE FROM THE WILD EAST IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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A CHICAGO FAIR SUPPLEMENT.

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DISGRACEFUL HARMONY.

THE Democratic State Convention recently held at Saratoga presented an interesting and instructive spectacle. There were the bosses of the party, as ever, intent upon nothing but power and plunder. With an assurance which calmly defied any opposition, and disdained even the appearance of respect for the opinions of others, or for the right of the Convention to a will of its own, they determined what should be said and done. To them the occasion was in one respect an uncommonly important one. As their power rests upon the mercenary spirit of their followers, they have to prove that no service rendered to them would go without reward, even if it be a crime condemned as such by the moral sense of the community; and they have now to prove that a majority of the people of this State is at their command to ratify their schemes, whatever they may be. If they can prove this, then indeed their organized following of henchmen will go to any length of devotion to them, their power will be wellnigh insuperable, and they can do anything they please with well-grounded expectation of impunity. To this end the bosses, CROKER, HILL, MURPHY, MCLAUGHLIN, and SHEEHAN, had resolved that Mr. MAYNARD, who had by a criminal act secured to them the control of the State Senate, must be nominated as the Democratic candidate for a judgeship in the highest court of justice in this State. This was to be the great feature of the Democratic State Convention, to which everything else was held subordinate.

But the bosses knew that within the Democratic party there was serious opposition to this scheme. The conscience and self-respect of many members of the party revolted against it, and not a few active politicians, especially among those who last year helped to undo the work of Mr. HILL'S famous snap Convention, and who now passed as the special friends of the national administration, showed signs of a mutinous spirit. Some of them were elected to the State Convention, not enough to thwart the purpose of the bosses, but enough to make very disagreeable demonstrations. The question presented itself to the bosses, what to do with them. The obnoxious individuals might easily have been suppressed by methods well known and not seldom put in practice. But the effect of this upon the voters might have been dangerous, and the bosses resolved upon "harmony" as the safest means to accomplish their ends. They said to those mutinously inclined: "You are welcome. Are we not all brethren of the same faith? To show you how welcome you are and how sincere and cordial this fraternal feeling is on our part, we offer you a large share of the spoil to be won. We will give the nomination for some of the best places to men known to be of your own kind. All we ask for in return is harmony. You will only have to help us harmoniously in placing a criminal on the highest judicial bench of this State; only this and nothing more." Well, after a splutter of opposition by one individual, who also submitted when he found himself alone, the nomination of the criminal for a judgeship in the Court of Appeals was made unanimous by the Convention, and harmony prevailed.

This is a spectacle which the good people of this State will do well carefully to contemplate. Mr. MAYNARD has been nominated for a seat in our highest court, not as a man of high merit, who, having committed a slip in his career, might be forgiven on account of an otherwise unspotted character and great qualities and services, but he is to be thus rewarded and honored just because he has, in the service of the bosses, perpetrated a crime that should have sent him to jail. His crime was the very title to his preferment. And those members of the Democratic Convention who represented in that body the "better element" of their party, the men who might have been expected to represent there the conscience and the moral dignity of the citizenship of the State, well knowing what Mr. MAYNARD had done, well knowing that his nomination was intended distinctly to reward his crime, and to force the people of the State formally to declare that crime is entitled to public honor—these men voted to make that nomination unanimous, and bound themselves to support it before the people and at the polls in consideration of some offices tossed to their friends. They accepted the gift, ratified the bargain, and thus sold their souls. The bosses and their hordes of mercenaries are open and undisguised contemners and deriders of public morality. But what shall we say of those who pretend to virtue, but for a mess of pottage aid the bosses in seeking to make a criminal a judge just *because* he is a criminal? The two opponents of the machine nominated for State offices have so far borne a decent character. But what are we to think of them when, by accepting such nominations made for the manifest purpose of winning popular support for the elevation of a criminal to a place on the highest judicial bench, they lend themselves to the accomplishment of the greatest possible outrage against public decency?

It must be evident to Democrats who have the slightest regard for the dignity of the judicial office, for the security of personal and property rights under the administration of justice, and for the cause of good government generally, that the offence here committed calls for a punishment more far-reaching and more demonstrative than would be involved in the mere scratching of Mr. MAYNARD'S name from the ballot and in his personal defeat. It demands imperatively that every one who has had any share in so infamous a transaction, the accessories as well as the principals, those who permitted themselves to be bought to support the detestable scheme as well as those who conceived it, receive the most emphatic mark of popular condemnation. The party organization itself, which could be harmonized upon a basis so scandalous, must be taught the lesson that it cannot bid so daring a defiance to the popular conscience with impunity, and nothing would be more effective in this respect than the administering of this lesson to the Democratic party of this State by Democratic voters. It is vain to say that the national administration in its present struggle for sound money should not be discouraged by a Democratic defeat in the State which the President calls his home. For the victory of a conspiracy aiming at a desecration of our courts of justice by making judgeships the rewards of crime—a conspiracy headed by political brigand chiefs from whom nothing is safe—could hardly be called a support of an honest national administration. On the contrary, the greatest danger of that administration consists in the prosperity and power of those evil elements which such a victory would strengthen. Nothing better could happen to the administration, to the Democratic party, and to the country at large than a thorough Democratic defeat in New York this year, showing that party harmony of this kind is the certain way to disaster and disgrace, and that the only road to popular approval and confidence lies in the opposite direction.

THE SENATE.

IT has now been demonstrated that the Senate is the weakest and most dangerous feature in the Federal system. The framers of the Constitution regarded it as a most meritorious device. Its constitution was supposed to be their safest and best compromise. It was to be a conservative check upon the possible excesses of the popular branch of Congress, and a defence of the new democracy against autocratic or monarchical tendencies on the part of the President. It had not existed eighty years before it proved that one part of its supposed mission was a failure. It was not a check, but a menace, to the Executive. Now, at the beginning of the second century, it abundantly proves that excesses are to be expected from it rather than from the House of Representatives.

It was in President GRANT'S time that the "Senatorial cabal" was formed, with ROSCOE CONKLING, OLIVER P. MORTON, and some other keen Republican politicians at its head. This cabal, acting in concert with the President, distributed the Federal patronage. In return for favors thus bestowed, the administration had always a band of faithful followers to support its measures and to confirm the President's appointments. The power of confirmation was diverted from its intended purpose. Instead of being a power to check bad appointments and to restrain the President from despotism, it had become an opportunity for making bargains.

The immediate result was the sensible degradation of the Senate. The practice of giving to a Senator the command of the patronage of his State opened the doors of the body to small politicians. Men whose political places were gained by the construction and manipulation of machines succeeded to Senators who had won their prominence by the display of talent for real politics or by substantial public services. It is from General GRANT'S time that the Senate began to demonstrate the essential weakness of the plan on which it was constituted. Its descent was rapid. By easy steps the appointing power of the President ceased to be his own function. First, the offices were shared as plunder between him and a company of his friends in the Senate, and then the Senators asserted the right to dictate appointments.

The natural consequence of this is war between the Senate and the Executive; and, in fact, there has not been a President since General GRANT went out of office, in 1877, who has not been bitterly opposed by a considerable body of Senators in his own party. Even Mr. HARRISON did not entirely escape this hostility. The effect on legislation of this change in the actual from the theoretical character of the Senate has been disastrous, and unless there is a revolution in the character of the body it must be fatal. It is the Senate that has become autocratic. During the present extraordinary session the two New York Senators, both of whom are machine products, have been permitted, by what is called the "courtesy of the Senate," to postpone confirmation of the President's appointments because they were not consulted in making them. At the same time, although the President is commanded by the Constitution to take a certain part in legislation, the mere expression of his opinion concerning the silver question was resented as an insult to the Senate, and the silver Senators now threaten to block, not with argument, but with their powers of physical endurance, all financial legislation during Mr. CLEVELAND'S term of office. In his own opinion a Senator is independent of the other branches of the government, of the other House of Congress, of popular opinion, of everything but the favor of the Legislature of his own State, which finds expression, so far as he is concerned, once in six years.

The danger of this state of mind in the Senate is enhanced by reason of its intellectual deterioration. While the country has been growing in intelligence, the Senate has been becoming radical, communistic, dangerous. Of the eighty-eight members who now compose it, sixty-two represent States created by the Federal government. Two more than half of the Senators come from the far West and the South—the sections now in alliance on monetary questions; the sections in which the Populists are powerful, and in some instances dominant. But these States elect only 137 Representatives; while the more populous, the richer, and the more intelligent States elect 219 members. The admission of new States, with their shifting, restless, uncertain, and speculative people, has increased the number of Senators who represent thinly settled parts of the country, that have a temporary advantage to gain from measures of legislation that weigh heavily upon the settled and conservative sections, disturb their trade, and threaten both their accumulated wealth and their active capital.

It is probable that some of the Senators who have been revolutionizing the methods of procedure in the Senate by preventing it from action, by making it an obstacle instead of an aid to intelligent legislation, do not represent their constituents. It nevertheless remains true that whenever dangerous radicalism gains temporary power in this country—and probably its gain will always be temporary—it will be more numerously represented in the Senate than in the House; and so long as its present constitution is continued, so long as machine politics triumph, so long as the President's power of appointment is claimed by Senators as their right, so long as rich men buy seats of Legislatures, and small politicians acquire positions by the art of manipulation, we shall often see a helpless Senate, at war with the President, and hostile to the real welfare of the whole country; for no State or section, however considerable, can gain a true advantage at the expense of the States that have by long settlement, by position, and by other natural advantages gathered the larger part of the wealth of the land.

THE CANDIDACY OF MAYNARD.

THE nomination of ISAAC H. MAYNARD for Judge of the Court of Appeals is the boldest defiance of public opinion and of political morality on which unscrupulous party managers have ever ventured.

In 1891 the Democratic party had a real grievance against the Republicans in New York, in that a partisan apportionment of Senate districts, made in 1879, the unfairness of which had steadily increased with the movements of population, was maintained by the persistent refusal of the Republican majority in each successive Senate to permit a reapportionment. The Democratic party had a great opportunity for an effective appeal to public opinion against this wrong.

But its leaders had no principles, and no faith in the popular conscience. Indeed, the canvass on both sides was marked by the utmost pettiness of methods and aims, and was a mere scramble for spoils. With a large popular majority the Democrats were unable to overcome the discrimination against them in the division of districts, and eighteen of the thirty-two Senators chosen were Republicans.

It was under these circumstances that a conspiracy was formed to meet the wrong of the apportionment by a gigantic fraud. The election laws of New York are admirably contrived to secure a free vote, a fair count, and a speedy and final settlement of disputes. But by controlling the Board of State Canvassers (who sum up the votes and declare the results), the Executive and legal officers of the State, and some of the judges who must decide questions arising during the canvass of votes, the conspirators hoped to pervert the machinery of the law so as to deprive the Republicans of three Senators, and give the majority of the Senate to the Democrats.

The plot was carried out to the letter. The political character of the Senate of New York was reversed by a series of acts and decisions on the part of public officers, each of which was a trick to defeat the purpose of the law and to falsify the result of the voting. The ingenuity which conceived the plot and the boldness and skill which carried it out were worthy of a great cause. Most of the acts and decisions in question had some technical justification, and could be plausibly defended as consistent with the letter if not the spirit of the election laws. It is only when all are seen together as the execution of a plot to reverse the verdict of the voters and to control the State government that the character of each act in the series is understood.

But there was one act in the series which had no ambiguous character. By an order of the Court of Appeals the Board of Canvassers was required to count a certain return from Dutchess County. This return, in triplicate, was delivered by mail to each of three of the highest officers of the State, to be presented to the board. It was essential to the success of the conspiracy that this return should be stolen from the public offices. Isaac H. Maynard, the Deputy Attorney-General of the State and the official adviser of the board, was at the same time the confidential counsel of the conspirators. By his official character he secured access to the Comptroller's office, under a false pretence took possession of the return, put it beyond the reach of the board and of himself, and then attended the meeting of the Board and disingenuously acquiesced in their decision that no such return had been made to them. An impartial tribunal, consisting of nine of the foremost lawyers of the State, selected by the Bar Association of New York, has pronounced this act of Mr. Maynard one of the greatest crimes known to the law. By this crime the success of the conspiracy was complete, and the political character of the Senate was reversed.

These facts are undisputed. It is as a reward for his part in this conspiracy to defraud the ballot-box that the party leaders propose to make Mr. Maynard a permanent member of our highest court. The opposing candidate, Mr. Edward T. Bartlett, is a gentleman of ability and integrity, in all respects worthy of the position. It is for the voters of New York to determine which of these men shall be trusted, in the last appeal, to determine the rights of citizens under the law. The question is of greater consequence than any which has been decided by a State election during this generation. A vote for Judge Maynard is a vote to substitute fraud and conspiracy for the will of the voters as the power controlling elections. The methods which he represents are utterly inconsistent with the purity, the peace, and even the permanent existence of the republic.

A REMEDY FOR HAZING.

When a man has more than half forgot his undergraduate days, it is the easiest thing in the world for him to say in a light and airy way that hazing is a relic of barbarism and should be suppressed. Pretty nearly all mature, sensible, and gentlemanlike men have been agreed for many years that this is so, and the college authorities have also been unanimous in condemnation of it. And yet it has not been suppressed, nor will it be until the young men in the colleges are taught by stern lessons that they are entitled to no privileges beyond those accorded to other citizens in this country. An assault is a breach of the peace, a felony, and it is eminently proper that college students should be held accountable for such infractions of the law, whether they are committed while hazing or in any other vulgar way. The law in this country is no respecter of persons, and he who breaks a law should be made to pay the penalty. The civil courts and the college courts have been all too tender in dealing with the young ruffians who find sport in the sufferings of their associates and comrades. It is therefore a gratifying sign of progress when the judge of a high court tells the grand jury that it is its duty to inquire into cases of hazing, and indict the hazers, so that they may be punished like any other offenders. It is gratifying, too, to know that in the particular instance to which we refer the college authorities express an entire willingness to assist the civil authorities in their investigation, besides taking vigorous action on their own account. When the hazer realizes that both civil and college authorities are seriously in earnest and determined upon his suppression, he is sure to quit his hazing without even a protest.

Colleges are primarily schools of learning. But they are also schools of morals and schools of manners. If a college course does not tend towards the making of a gentleman, then the little learning that is acquired at these places is not half worth while. A knowledge of Greek and the higher mathematics will not help a man very far in this world if in learning these things he has also learned how not to be a gentleman. Neither Greek nor mathematics bide with a man very long after he has given up their study, but the other knowledge holds on with deathlike tenacity. As a matter of fact, only a very small percentage of college men are silly enough ever to act like ruffians, or even momentarily to forget their obligations to gentility. But, singularly enough, this preponderating majority has thus far declined to send the offending minority to Coventry. The undergraduates not having solved this matter of hazing, it is high time that these offenders should be taught that there are jails for such as they, and that there are judges and juries of a sterner sense of duty than the college officers, who try to hush up every indiscretion, however great, for fear that it may injure their institution in the public regard. We are fully persuaded that the college that supplements its own authority by invoking the aid of the strong arm of the civil law will be able effectually to put a stop to hazing, and by such action gain one hundred friends for every one it loses.

GOOD ROADS AGAIN.

At this season of the year the farmers in the United States have long been accustomed to take counsel together. The severer labors of the year are over, and the time has come when they review their own work and the work of each other. They gather in September and October at the county and State fairs, and combine pleasure and business in a way that is exceedingly profitable. Shrewd advertisers of both new and old doctrines have realized that these fairs afford excellent opportunities for introducing or extending their propaganda. The most recent society to take advantage of these fairs in the way mentioned is the National League for Good Roads, which has organized branch leagues in every State of the Union. There is no subject in the world in which farmers should take a greater interest than in that of bettering the condition of the common highways. But the farmers, as we have pointed out before, do not take a lively interest in the matter, for fear that they will have to pay entirely for improvements in which not they alone are benefited. They adhere to this view notwithstanding the fact that it has been repeatedly pointed out to them that in the course of a few years the country roads in the United States could be relocated, drained, and paved—that is, macadamized—and kept in thorough repair, with no greater expenditure than that now incurred by the lack of an intelligent system—a lack which results in the roads being bad all the year round, and almost impassable for three or four months in the late winter and early spring.

Those who have studied the history of road-making in the civilized countries of the world are well aware of the fact that no good comprehensive system of roads has ever been built by the purely local efforts of one neighborhood and another. Indeed, such efforts have always proved futile. When great good has been accomplished, it has been through the efforts of a strong State taking hold for a while, at least, of the administration of the common roads. This was the case in England and in France in modern times, and that of imperial Rome in the days of the Cæsars. Such a reform came near being inaugurated in the State of New York, but that wise plan which contemplated the building of State highways was put aside in favor of Governor Flower's suggestion that each county should do its own road-making. Under this Flower road law practically nothing has been done, even though the farmers and tax-payers of agricultural communities have been shown that the roads could be improved without adding to the burden of taxes. Meantime, despite defective laws, it is gratifying to know that the campaign of education is kept up, and that the farmers are hearing at all of their fairs how they can improve their roads and why this should be done. But it is a pity that there should be laws on the subject that are merely permissive instead of mandatory.

THE INTELLECTUALLY "NOUVEAUX RICHES."

It has been suggested that something ought to be said about the intellectually *nouveaux riches*. It is to be hoped that nothing will be said to discourage them, for though they are tiresome sometimes, they are useful. People with collections of new money make life more picturesque and ornate by the profuseness of their expenditures. After they have had it awhile they cease to care so much for exposition, and settle down lazily to enjoy the luxuries of life without caring much whether any one is impressed by their possession of them or not. If they entertain, they do it merely for their own amusement, and not for the sake of dazzling the community. They drive two horses instead of four, and let the dust accumulate on a good part of their apparatus rather than be at the trouble of keeping it in use.

So with people who have made large accumulations of learning or culture. While it is of recent acquisition the novelty of it occupies their minds. They feel bound to make the community appreciate what intellectual treasures they are masters of. Consequently they communicate much, and invent occasions for the display and distribution of the good things they have heaped together in their heads. While they are in this state they are something of a trial to their neighbors, but it is a trial from which benefits result. They incite their fellows to delve into their own stores of erudition, and even to add to them, for the sake of showing that they too can talk something besides gossip if they choose. After a little while they take their learning easier, and all too soon they come to adapt their talk to their company, and find the easy pleasures of possession and accretion superior to the laborious delights of display.

The good old town of Boston seems to have reached this latter stage. The people there are reported to have grown so used to knowing things and possessing culture that they have ceased to give it much thought. Their anxiety in these days seems not so much to be formidable in talk as to be lulled in intellectual repose. They are tired of conquest, and crave a cultivated diversion. Consequently they go in for music, and spend their money for music halls, where they can spend long afternoons in silent absorption of gracious unsyllabled sounds. If all that one hears is true, people who need an intellectual spur in these days should not go to Boston, but to Chicago. Culture there, they tell us, possesses the charm of novelty. People who have it rejoice and glory in it; and people who have it not buy books and get up clubs in hopes of getting a corner in it. It is a delight and a refreshment to read of the awakening of the Chicago mind to the great truth that man cannot live on an exclusive diet of corner lots and wheat and short ribs. Strangers who go there are struck by the intellectual hunger of the people. It made a strong impression upon Mr. Walter Besant, who wrote to the London *Times* that the Literary Congress which he attended there in July might be taken as the inauguration of a new literature which has just begun to spring up in the West. "At present," says Mr. Besant, "it exists chiefly in promise, but if it is a bantling, it is a vigorous bantling."

If there is to be a revival of learning and letters in America, it is very possibly more reasonable to look for it among the intellectually *nouveaux riches* of the Western metropolis and its tributary States than in communities of which the mental cravings have become dulled and their aspirations jaded. The Garden State has furnished the greatest general and the greatest statesman of the age; who will dare to say that she is not ripening our greatest poet?

A LEGISLATIVE BOOM FOR ATHLETICS.

It is an encouraging sign to all genuine lovers of sport to notice the plucky contest of endurance that took place last week in the United States Senate. The sanction thus placed by what has been called the highest deliberative body in the world on physical force as a means of accomplishing needed legislation must be gratifying indeed to every admirer of muscle, brawn, and brute force. While a contest of the nature of the one in question requires less science than a good finish fight, and less skill than such games as baseball, football, or tennis, partaking more of the character of a six days' go-as-you-please race, still a certain amount of training and intelligence is required successfully to accomplish so record-breaking a feat as Senator Allen's late fifteen-hour speech.

What is most required now is a code to govern all such competitions in the future; for while the rules of the Senate have been carefully drawn to encourage this style of procedure, they seem strangely deficient in affording proper means of regulating it after it has once been put in motion.

For instance, it would be interesting to know exactly, and in set terms in which there could be no possibility of error, just what constitutes a speech-making record, and how far a contestant may be allowed to turn printed volumes over to the reading clerk for the purpose of having extracts and passages read therefrom and still have it count to his credit. It is possible to conceive of a case where a Senator, after a few words in the nature of an exordium, would turn any given number of books from the Congressional Library over to the reading clerk, and then go West to look after his silver-mining or corporation interests, returning in time to make a brief peroration and claim a record, or even to leave directions with the reading clerk to begin with the upper left-hand book in the first alcove, and to work along down to the lower right-hand book in the last alcove, and thus to obviate the necessity of returning for a peroration at all, as his six-year term would cease before the end could possibly be reached, except by the adoption of a resolution during the progress of the speech increasing the force of reading clerks by a thousand, and getting them all to read at once.

Such a motion, however, would be revolutionary, and would lay the opposing side open to a claim of foul; and either would give him the record, or, what would be worse, entitle him to take a fresh start.

Under proper conditions and auspices these contests might easily become the most important sporting events of the year. One of the most important and gratifying results would be, of course, a rapid change in the *personnel* of the Senate. The recent contest failed simply on account of the physical incapacity of the untrained Senators to stand the fatigues incident to so trying an ordeal. In the future, only men of iron constitutions, capable of undergoing the greatest fatigue, and of keeping awake day after day and night after night, while listening to the most soporific speeches, in order to be able to answer to constant roll-calls, would stand the slightest chance of election to that noted body.

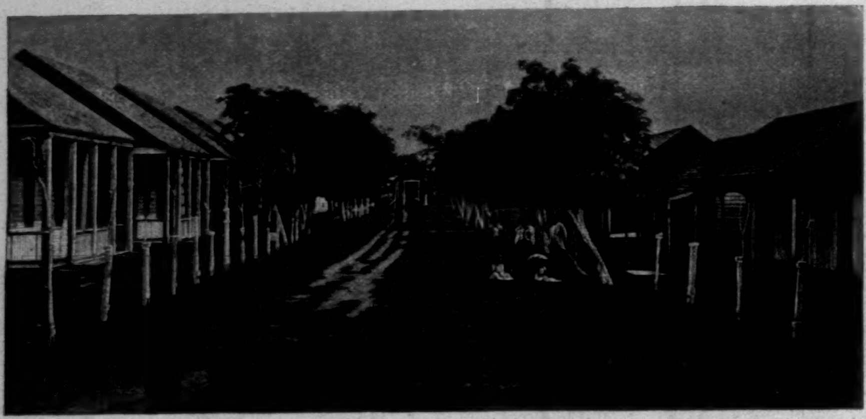
Nor is it possible adequately to measure the beneficial effects that would accrue to the country at large. An influx of so large an element of men in perfect physical condition into public affairs would be bound to have an improving effect on national and local politics. To maintain a perfect physical condition requires a man to keep in constant training, and develops his qualities of self-restraint and temperance and strengthens the will-power.

It would soon become evident that to be successful in politics a man must be an athlete. Candidates for office, instead of stumping the country making speeches which few are able to hear, and fewer to enjoy, would engage in athletic contests which would be a source of healthful amusement to thousands. These annual fall games would give an enormous impetus to sport of all kinds, so that soon we should find that to succeed in any walk of life would require men of muscle as well as men of mind.

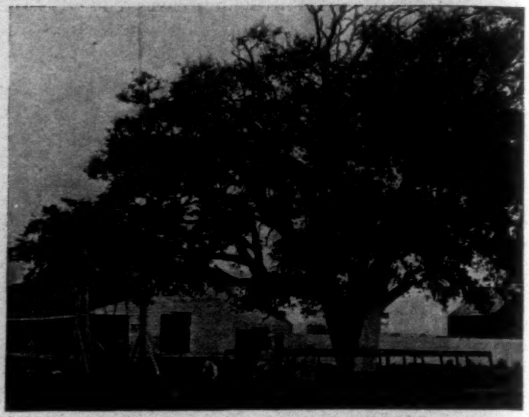
And as *mens sana in corpore sano* is a proverb as true today as it ever was, we might in time succeed in filling the Senate-Chamber with a set of men sufficiently hale-minded to see the absurdity of the conditions which had led to their election to office, and who would have the moral courage to make rules for themselves that would enable themselves to vote on a question when they wanted to.

CHAUDELEUR ISLAND—NATIONAL QUARANTINE BUILDINGS.
These were completely Destroyed, and the Island rendered Uninhabitable.

GRAND ISLE—OCEAN CLUB HOTEL.
Unroofed by the Storm.

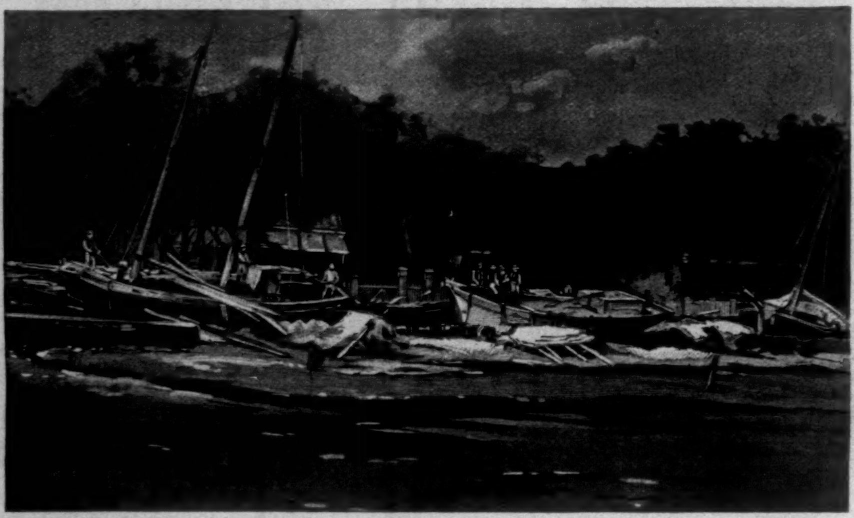


GRAND ISLE—MAIN AVENUE OF SUMMER COTTAGES.
These were all Destroyed.



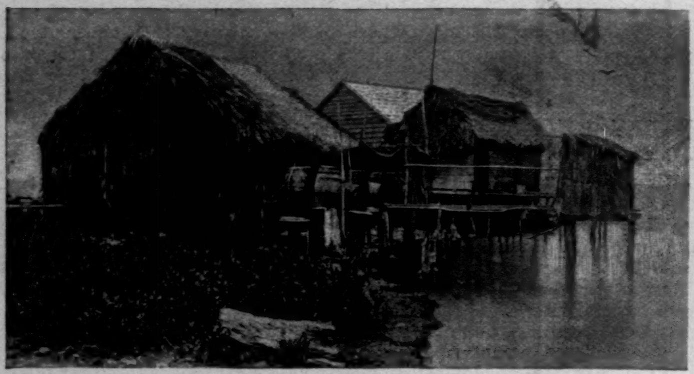
GRAND ISLE—TREE IN FRONT OF WIDOWS' ROW.
Ten Sailors saved themselves by climbing this Tree.

BRAVE FATHER GRIMEAUX,
One of the few Survivors at
Chenière Caminada.



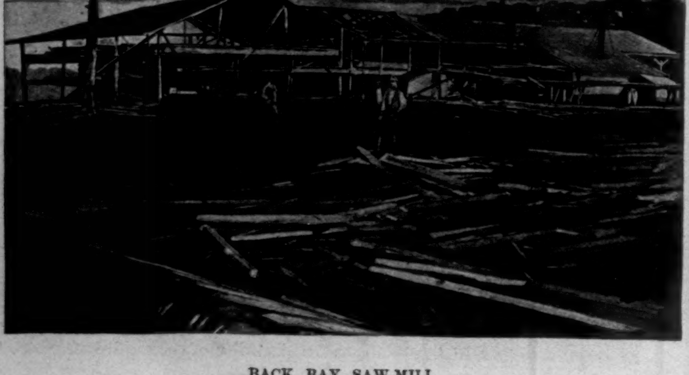
BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI—IN FRONT OF KELLAR AND HOWARD RESIDENCES.
Wrecks on the Beach the morning after the Storm.

JOHN MERALINA,
A Malay Fisherman who rescued
eight Persons.

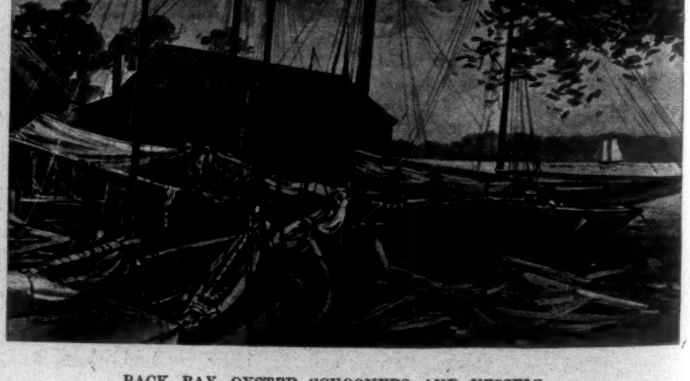


CHENIÈRE CAMINADA—THE CHINESE CAMP IN BAYOU ANDRE.
Before the Storm.

GRAND ISLE—ONE OF THE BOARDERS' COTTAGES.
Destroyed by the Storm.

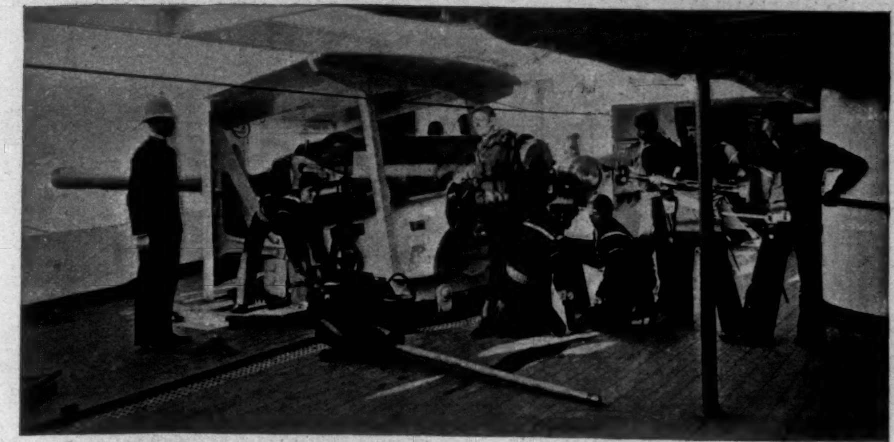


BACK BAY SAW-MILL.
The Morning after the Storm.

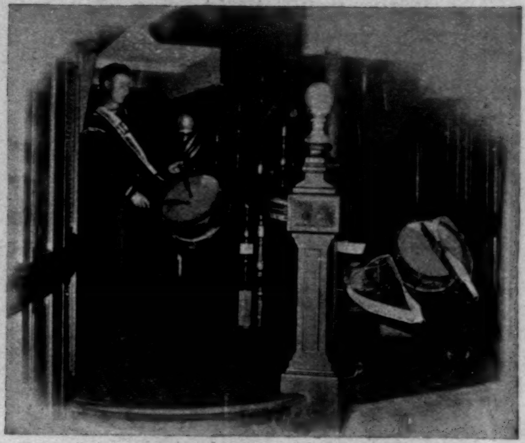


BACK BAY—OYSTER SCHOONERS AND VESSELS.
Driven on Shore and Wrecked.

THE RECENT TIDAL-WAVE DISASTER ON THE MISSISSIPPI AND LOUISIANA COASTS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 1011.]

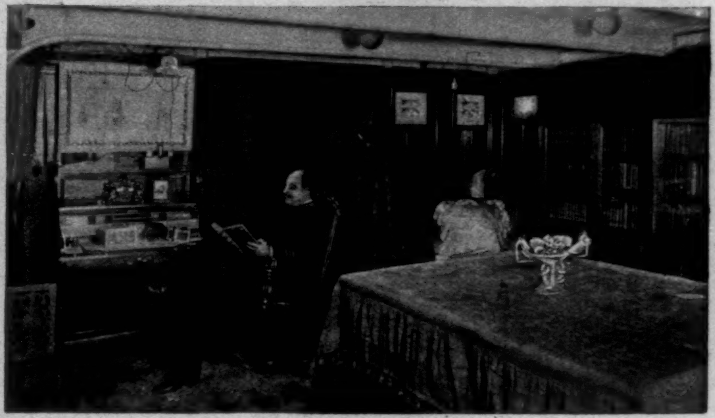


WORKING ONE OF THE BIG GUNS.
Loading—Raising the Shell in order to place it within the open Breech.



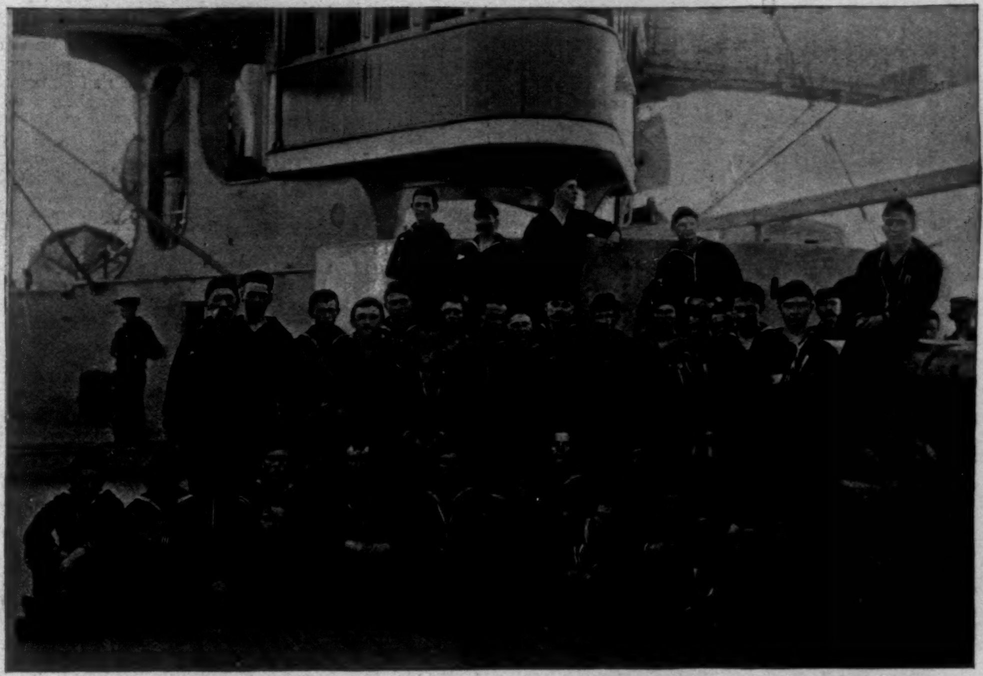
OFFICERS' STAIRWAY.
"Beating to Quarters."

THE ADMIRAL'S BEDROOM.

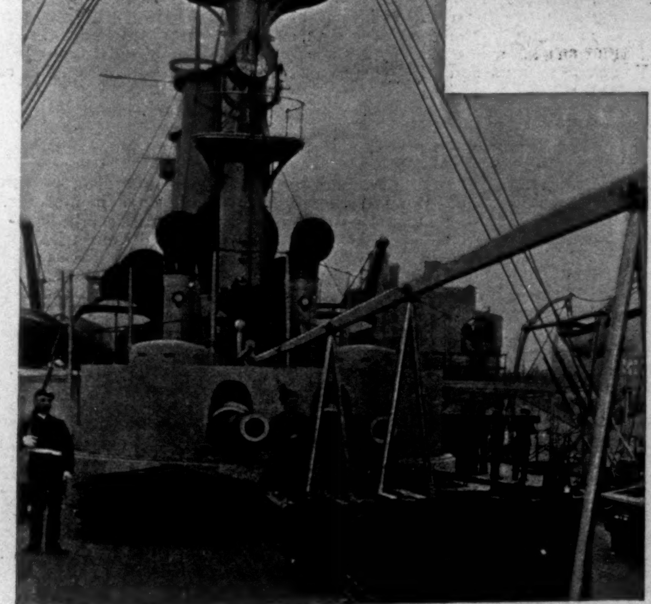


THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

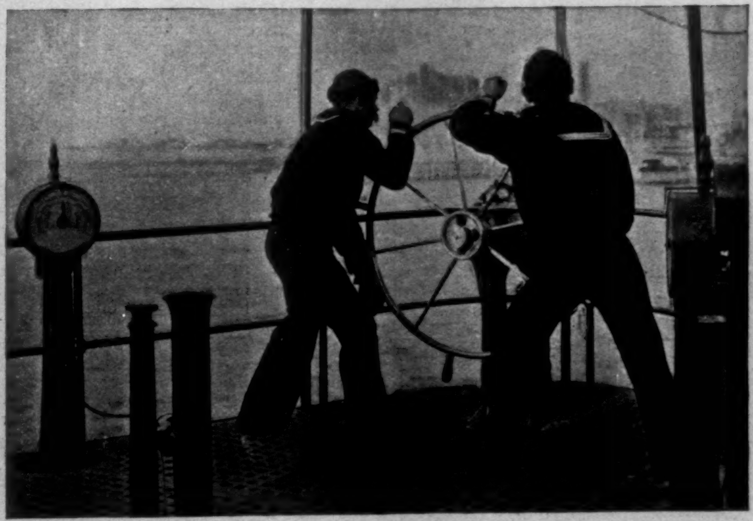
CAPTAIN JOHN W. PHILIP.



GROUP OF FIRST-CLASS SAILORS.
Ninety per cent. of *New York's* crew are Americans.



"AFT," LOOKING FOR'ARD AT THE BIG 8-INCH GUNS.



AT THE STEAM STEERING-WHEEL.

ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK."—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 1002.]

IN DEAR BOHEMIA.

(WORLD'S FAIR, SEPTEMBER, 1893.)

THIS is dear Bohemia's best,—
  At the Fair in sunny weather,
Meeting throngs from East and West
  Stream through pleasant ways together!

All the glorious doorways frame
  Eager, wondering, happy faces;
Care forgets her very name;
  Pride forgets her idle graces.

Gray old Earth renews her youth,
  Dancing forth to pipe and tabor;
Every word seems gracious truth,
  Every man a kindly neighbor.

Never sunshine fell like this,
  Gleaming through the carven spaces;
Never hearts were tuned to bliss
  In such fair idyllic places;

Never water shone so blue,
  Glassing dreams of towered splendor;
Never bells so clear and true
  Filled the air with chiming tender.

Room for all, and joy for each,—
  This is dear Bohemia's pleasure.
Here's the school where nations teach,
  And the World gives forth her treasure,

Shaking out with reckless hand
  All the plenteous wealth of ages,
And, at Art's divine command,
  Opening Beauty's precious pages.

Darling city of delight,
  Proud Columbia's fairy daughter!
Thou must vanish from our sight,
  Like a mirage of the water;

But thy gladness shall be ours,
  To inspire our life's endeavor,
And the gleam of thy white towers
  Light our happiest dreams forever.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE FAIR.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IF you were told that Paris and Naples and Rome were to be razed to the ground within a month, and that after that time you could never see them, it is not improbable that you would take steamer at once, and delight your soul and eyes with them, not as one sees Naples and dies, but as one seeing Naples before she dies and is wiped out of existence forever. You would not content yourself with photographs of Naples, or with pictures of that place in the illustrated papers, or with what a few writers might try to tell you of something which left them gasping and without words for half-hours at a time. You would go to see the last days of Paris or of Rome for yourself; and yet there are some people who are letting the chance of seeing this White City, that rose like a Venus from the waters of Lake Michigan, slip from them forever. They are missing the greatest event in the history of the country since the civil war.

There are now but a few weeks remaining before the fair at Chicago will have come to an end, and the last chance of seeing it, or anything like unto it, will have gone out of your power. This is not, therefore, written for those who have been to the fair, but for the few or the many who, like myself, put off visiting it until the last days, and so shut off all chance of visiting it for the second time. It is that they may not make the irretrievable mistake of not seeing it at all that this tardy word is added to the many already so well spoken. Why there should be any one remaining who has not seen the fair I cannot understand, now that I myself have seen it, unless it is that the travellers who return have not been able to tell us with sufficient impressiveness and truth how great and beautiful and wonderful it is. There are very few things that some one is not enough of a genius to describe, but I do not think the World's Fair has found its Boswell, or that it ever will. The artists who designed the fair have been able and have been big enough to give us an idea of their work in their illustrations in the magazines, and even the much-despised photograph has done much to make one understand, more, indeed, than have any words spoken or written. For all time some writers have shied at something beyond them by acknowledging that "it has to be seen to be understood," and that it is more "easily imagined than described," and if there ever was a case when this retreat before something beyond one's powers was justified it is when one sets forth to tell of the wonders and charm of this World's Fair. Certainly this writer does not mean to try at it. All he hopes to do is to give his "testimony," as the awakened one does at revival meetings, in the hope that it may turn some other weak brother into the right direction; and when he feels how near he came to not seeing the fair at all, he is consumed with indignation at his friends for not having put him in a car under guard for delivery at Chicago, and with sorrow for the other foolish ones who like himself sat so long idle in the market-place. That he waited so long is due probably to two things: to the misrepresentations made of the fair, at the first, by the New York daily papers, and to the fact that those who saw it were not able to make others comprehend and see what they had felt and seen. The most impressive advance-work done for the fair in my hearing was that of the best descriptive talker of my acquaintance, who said, when some one asked him how good the fair really was: "Oh, I don't know. Go see it for yourself. You wouldn't believe me." The only way to make people understand something they have not seen is by comparisons—by telling them it is better than this, or not so good as that. If you say to your friend, "You should see *Charley's Aunt;* it is better than *The Private Secretary,*" he would at once know what to expect. But as there has never been anything in any place at any time just like the World's Fair, one has to coin new adjectives and a new set of comparisons. Indeed, you should have every sympathy with those writers who have taken refuge in calling it a fairy city and a dreamland. Very few people know much about fairies, and less of the stuff of which dreams are made, and so the accuracy of the description goes unquestioned.

Of course the thing to see at the fair is the illumination of the Court of Honor at night. You should see this from the water, in a launch or gondola, and not from the embankments, where your attention is distracted by your having to push your way through the crowd if you are on foot, or you disturb others by running them down if you are in a rolling-chair. But if you are in a launch on the water you can give yourself up entirely to the scene around you, and you have the added wonder of the sight of thousands of people massed in silent rows around the edge of the lagoon, just as though they were waiting for some great event to happen, or for some miracle in keeping with the tremendous beauty of the scene about them. People try to give you an idea of this scene by comparing it to Venice on the nights when that city is illuminated, and to the beauty of the Acropolis when it is shown off by colored lights and fireworks. This is the best the Old World can do towards helping us to understand this city of the New World. But it is not enough; for while Venice has the effects of the lights on the water, she has not the great buildings grouped so closely and so grandly together, nor are the Parthenon and the other ruins of the Acropolis on a scale of sufficient grandeur to make one understand in any particular the extent of the temples of the Lake Front. It is like trying to make a person appreciate the Sphinx in the desert by the little bronze copy you use for a paper-weight. This same Sphinx by moonlight was the most impressive thing I saw in the East. Not as one sees it by day, with tourists and photographers and donkey-boys making it cheap and familiar, but at night, when the tourists had gone to bed, and the donkey-boys had been paid to keep out of sight, and the moonlight threw the great negro face and the pyramids back of it into masses of black and silver, and the yellow desert stretched away on either side so empty and silent that one thought he was alone and back two thousand years in the past, discovering these great monuments for the first time. And yet the Court of Honor illuminated was as much more impressive than this as the ocean by moonlight is more impressive than the painted ocean on the back drop of a theatre. And the curious wonder of the sight is that while all of the great monuments of the Old World have historical values back of them to help their impressiveness, these of the World's Fair have nothing to speak for them but what lies before you. They have no past to help them; and, what is the worst of all, they have no future. That every one who has visited the fair should feel this so keenly is significant of one of its greatest qualities. It is this peculiar charm which makes you feel that it has become a part of you and of your experience; you have made your home there as you do in certain cities and not in others, and as you certainly never did in any other World's Fair. You find you have grown to want certain of its views and vistas, and that you have accustomed yourself to its ways and its comforts. You cannot give up to the thought that you will never again glide through the lagoons at night in a gondola, with a Venetian singing "Santa Lucia" at the bow, and with the wooded islands glowing with fairy-lamps like fire-flies, and the ducks and swans hurrying out of your way, or that you cannot sweep into the Court of Honor and feel your own insignificance as the search-lights turn and twist like a fencer's foil, pointing down to the fountain or up to the winged angels, or stealing along the length of the Peristyle silently as one who shows something to you and makes no comment, knowing there is none to make.

If the fair has taught us nothing else, it has taught us to take our pleasure in beautiful places, that a dinner tastes better out-of-doors than in a hot restaurant, that wine is all the better for music, and that things that are made merely to be looked at are quite as essential as others made merely for use. We are not a nation given to decoration, but the fair has taught us the value of it.

This will be shown in many ways—in the architecture of every new State or Federal building, and in the artistic value of every statue that asks for a pedestal in a public place. The efforts of the Municipal Art Society to make New York beautiful will be helped by the influence the beauty of the fair will have had on every citizen of New York who has been there, and the Federal government may possibly take to heart the lesson taught by the sorry contrast its building makes with those around it.

One of the most interesting successes of the fair lies in its ability to please every one, to give to each person some one thing which exactly fits his or her idea of what is beautiful in art or wonderful in execution, something which is all-satisfying and which justified the whole. To many the first sight of the Peristyle was enough to repay them for their long journey; others found the Midway exactly on the level of their intelligence, and went no further; and one young woman begged me not to miss a knight made entirely of prunes; and another thought the best thing she had seen was a man who during the illumination walked a tight-rope with fireworks attached to his feet and hands. Another man I know spent the greater part of his time casting a fly-line for a prize, and another in studying his interior anatomy in the Anthropological Building. "I'll bet you don't know how your liver works," he said to me. "You come with me and I'll show you. It's the most interesting exhibit in the place." Some of the stories of the fair, whether true or not, are worth preserving—the one, for instance, of the girl who asked the Columbian guard what was the meaning of the painting titled "La Cigale," and which shows a young woman very thinly clad and shivering in the winter's blast. The guard referred to the catalogue and said, promptly, "La Cigale; it's a comic opera, and that's Lillian Russell." Or that of the woman who approached a gentleman leaning over the embankment above the basin and asked him where she could see the lagoons. The gentleman pointed with his stick at the water, and the woman peered anxiously over the railing, but on finding nothing there but water, turned to him with a toss of her head, and said, scornfully, "You think you're mighty smart, don't you?" She probably told her people at home that that was the only rude man she had met at the fair.

There are three exhibits in the Midway that every one ought to see, and which are genuine and satisfying to all sorts of people. The Javanese village is one, and the South Sea Islanders another, and the Hindoo jugglers the third. It is almost too cold now to see the first of these with the same pleasure that they gave earlier in the year, when the dancing-girls did not have to cover their shoulders, and the South Sea Islanders did not wear coats. The Javanese village and the villagers appealed to me more than did almost anything else in the fair, it was so odd and dainty and simple, and the little people so like children masquerading in grown-up people's clothes. The musical water-wheel seemed to give the key-note to the whole thatched-roof village, and the life there in contrast to the roar outside on the Midway was so much more gentle and lazy, and was encompassed about with such pretty fancies in decoration and such beauty in dress and color. Even if you could not understand what the low comedian said in the theatre, you could sympathize with the native musicians who played his accompaniment, and who laughed and rolled around with glee as they sat squatted on their haunches. These performances gave you an idea that Java must be a fine place in which to live—a place where things were always going to happen, but for which there was no hurry and no anxiety. The music seemed to typify this life. It stopped and began again lazily, with a liquid sound as of falling water, or like the tinkle of a music-box that is always on the point of running down. There was no violence in the dancing; the feet of the little girls with gold head-dresses and gorgeous purple and blue and gold scarfs never left the stage; but there was more charm in the way they flipped their sashes, as boys toss pennies, and in the way they shrugged their brown bare shoulders and stuck out their five fingers in five different directions, than in all the serpentine dances I have ever seen.

There is one side of the fair that interests very few people, because it is not an exhibit, and because it does not come prominently into sight. That is the executive part of it. Things move so smoothly in the White City that one hardly appreciates how much is owing to those who help to make them move smoothly, and who are known by their works. We do not stop to think that this is really a great city, with a street-cleaning department, a police and fire department, an electric-light plant of its own, and what corresponds to a Mayor and a Board of Aldermen. In its way, the conception and the carrying out of the laws of this municipality is one of the most wonderful of the many wonderful features of the great fair, and that there has been no scandal and no "jobbery" connected with the fair name of this fair city is one of the proudest boasts of Chicago's people. That is, it would be if they were given to boasting.

There was a time when they were, when they were known for that more than for anything else, but that time has passed. Chicago has arrived. Now she does not have to talk; she can afford to sit still in the background and let others talk for her. Columbus himself found it necessary to do a great deal of talking about what he could do before he was given the chance to do it, and after he had accomplished his purpose he let the other people talk, and they have been talking ever since. The people of Chicago talked too before the fair was built; now they merely look politely bored when you rave about it, or about the energy and awful extent of their great throbbing city. They have succeeded in a great, generous way, and they will have to be counted upon hereafter as they have never been in the past.

Chicago had it in her power to give the designing and the entire work of the building up of the fair to her own people; the fair was hers, to do with as she liked. And what she chose to do was to ask the best men in their several lines of work, whether that work was laying out roadways, or painting frescoes, or designing a temple, to come to her aid from every part of the Union, and from the Old World. This is her triumph, and this is where she showed herself as big and generous and unafraid as her citizens have always claimed her to be. The reward is hers. When I left this country six months ago, people spoke of it as the Chicago Fair; now, since my return, I hear it spoken of as the World's Fair, and the people of Boston and New York tell you how proud "we" should be, and how well "our" fair compares with others. We all claim it now; but if it had been a failure, as the New York papers tried to make it out to be, would we not still be speaking of it as the Chicago Fair?

It is just as much the Chicago Fair to-day when it closes, amidst the congratulations and cheers of a whole people, as it was before the papers found they were on the wrong tack and veered about to praise it, and it will always be remembered as the Chicago Fair, and deserves to be so remembered.

THE "NEW YORK," PRIDE OF THE NAVY.

IF you should go aboard the armored cruiser *New York*, now lying at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and open to all who may care to look through the "most aggressive war-ship ever put into commission," no navy excepted, and should compliment the officers upon the splendid appearance of the vessel and her crew, they would thank you politely, but to a man would say, "If you will come aboard six weeks from now, we will show you a vessel that is, perhaps, worth a little modest boasting, but not now." And yet the ordinary citizen may search in vain, high and low, to discover any apparent fault with men or ship. Outside she is as white and clean as any of Uncle Sam's fleet that participated in last spring's naval demonstration in New York Harbor, and nothing more in the way of praise can be said than that. Inside she seems just as near perfection. All the furnishings and trappings are in place, every piece of brass glares at you, every rope is coiled and twisted just right, every deck is as clean as a dairymaid's milk-pan, swinging in the sun in a farmer's yard, every gun points exactly as it should, every man salutes with mathematical precision, and when, as you wander about, you run across the ship's painter, lettering a cutlass rack with "Don't give up the ship!" you are ready to declare that perhaps the officers are just a little too exacting in their desire for shipshape perfection. To the landsman's eye even the sailormen, whom one always finds dozing between decks on a man-of-war, no matter what time of day one goes aboard, sleep just as picturesquely as if they had been doing the same trick for years; the checker-players go on with their game as though visitors were never heard of aboard ship, and "Stumps," the half-grown tramp cat that came aboard at Philadelphia, and was adopted by the crew as the pet mascot, blinks at you as if to say he is on Uncle Sam's pay-roll, and is "yours for service," but at all other times belongs to the sailormen, body and soul, if a man-of-war's cat has a soul, first, last, and all the time.

You will be told that the torpedo tubes are being put in, and that some changes are being made in ammunition hoists, but as all this work is out of sight, you would never know that it was going on unless piloted to the exact place by an officer. You will also be told that the crew has not yet reached that excellence in drill which is desirable, and that, although they respond with alacrity every morning, whether the exercises be infantry drill, gun drill, broadsword exercise, cutting out the boats, or once a week when general quarters, fire drill, or the signal for closing water-tight doors are sounded, or once a month when a general night alarm is rung, it will take two or three months before letter-perfect proficiency is acquired. You have to take the officers' word for all this, unless you are an accomplished drill-master yourself, and have the time to spare to wat with critical eye, day after day, every movement of officers and men.

It is when you ask Captain John W. Philip, or Executive Officer T. B. M. Mason, or Navigator Wainwright Kellogg, or Chief Engineer John Lowe what feature of the whole outfit gives most satisfaction that you practically stagger them all. Captain Philip will look you in the eye, and, like the diplomat he is, may be non-committal for publication purposes; Mr. Kellogg's merry laugh will ring out as he says, "Well, I don't know"; and probably Mr. Mason will be the first to speak the thought that is uppermost in the mind of all, and say: "About as pleasing a fact as there is about this ship is that ninety per cent. of the crew are Americans, and the other ten per cent. want to be. No finer set of men ever manned a war-ship than we have here, and to a man they are imbued with patriotic feeling." And when you say something about the seventy-five apprentice boys on board, Mr. Mason will tell you that they are just as fine a body of youngsters as ever put foot aboard a ship. Then, perhaps, Mr. Lowe will break in and say, in quite a confidential tone: "Down in those fire and engine rooms I've got a lot of stalwart young Americans. And you may talk all you please about that 'trained set of men' that the Cramps have on their trial trips; why, this crew will beat them all to pieces, and I know it. Are we going to get as fast time out of the ship as the Cramps? Yes, and [whispering] we'll beat it."

As you go over the ship looking for new things you will find two "control houses" just back of the bridge. They are little chicken-coop sort of boxes, but they are filled with electric apparatus. By the mere turning of a switch a man may swing high, low, around, and about any one of those four enormous search-lights, each of 50,000-candle capacity, the largest ever put on any ship. By turning another little switch the immense fog-horn will rip and roar for six seconds, and then a search-light will flash for thirty seconds, and they will keep up this alternation continuously until the switch is thrown back. By a slight manipulation on a cloudy night the operator may signal, using the clouds as a reflector, thirty or forty miles away.

Looking still further, you will find on the very peak, if the expression be allowed, of each mast, red and white truck lights, such as no vessel has ever had, obviating the hoisting of the customary lantern. You will find a central telephone station, and will observe that instead of speaking through thirty-five tubes in the conning-tower in time of action, the captain needs to use only one. You will find bunks, and even state-rooms, for some of the higher of the petty officers chosen from the crew. You will find cooled water for the men to drink; a hat and coat room, where these articles may actually be checked; a pigeon-cote, with a single occupant at present, but the birds of which, when filled, will be used in experimenting as to the homing instinct, to learn whether they will find their way back when their cote is moved from place to place. You will find the fine staircase to the officers' quarters, which does not exist on other boats. You will find the latest of the rapid-fire guns, the 4-inch, that hurls a 33-pound projectile every few seconds a distance of five miles or more. It is the invention of Ensign R. B. Dashiell, himself attached to the vessel. But, above all, you will find that here is one vessel where the crew has ample berthing space. Admiral Hopkins, of the *Blake*, hitherto the crack cruiser of the world, especially commented on this. The crew of the *New York* has one more deck for berthing space than that of the *Blake*, and it is a novelty to find a ship in any navy where only every other set of hammock hooks is used. Then there are a score or more of little things that make life on the *New York* more desirable to a sailor and an officer than on any other boat in our own or any other navy.

It is a well-known fact, but the officers won't tell you so, that the officers on the *New York* are picked men. Secretary Tracy's pride was this ship, and he selected officers for her in keeping with the vessel. His one request of his successor, Secretary Herbert, was that the detail of officers he made should not be disturbed, and his request was graciously granted. Every American sailorman knows Captain Philip. He will call him "Jack Philip" when he talks about him, and tell you that no more popular man ever sailed under the American flag, and that none more stern ever appeared to a sailor called before the mast when he had abused the captain's confidence. He will tell you that all sailors like Captain Philip, because his policy has always been to treat Jack Tar with confidence, kindness, and discipline, wearing a velvet glove. His chief thought is to give every man the fullest liberty, and he believes that one gets better results where gentleness is used than where harshness or intolerant and haughty manners characterize the commanding officer. But woe betide the man who takes advantage of this kindness! Perhaps there is some reason why the offending sailorman generally takes occasion to leave the ship soon after the captain fetches him up with a round turn before the mast, and never comes back. If one should ask the captain why he adopts the gentle line of treatment for his men, he would likely reply, "There is a homely saying that 'you can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar,' and I guess it is true." As with Captain Philip, so it is with Messrs. Mason, Kellogg, and Lowe. They all reflect his methods, and they all share his popularity. It is a striking comment on the slowness of promotion in the United States navy that Lieutenant Mason, who is just about to become a Lieutenant-Commander, remembers the time distinctly when, at the opening of the Suez Canal, he took the present Emperor of Germany, at that time less than ten years old, in his arms and lifted him aboard the vessel on which Mr. Mason, who was then an ensign, was stationed. If you ask about Mr. Kellogg, you will be told that he is known in the navy as a "splendid electric sharp," as thorough in his work as he is good-natured. As for Mr. Lowe, you may go from one end of the navy to the other, and if you can find any one who will say a word against him personally, or against his efficiency, you will be the first man to discover it. And so all through the ship's roster, every officer seems to be a "picked man."

But, after all, it requires something more than a superbly equipped vessel, something more than a splendid crew, to make a war-ship all that it should be; it requires a combination of the two. That the *New York* seems to have; and it is for that reason that the ship may be termed, fitly, the pride of the navy. Not until an admiral comes on board, however, and hoists his flag and brings a band in his train, will the ship be complete. Then will she be ready to sail away. But when one recalls the fact that the United States government allows nothing to the officers for entertainment purposes, and that if the *New York* goes to Europe she will be besieged in every port by visitors, distinguished and otherwise, one will perhaps understand the shrug of the shoulders that the officers make, and will begin to take in their full meaning when they say, "Just now America's good enough for us." Meantime Captain Philip wishes it known that the ship is ready for visitors, but he prefers that they should come in the afternoon, when the day's drills are over.

ALBERT FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE HUNT.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WILD stream the clouds, and the fresh wind is singing,
  Red is the dawn, and the world white with rime,—
Music, O music! The hunter's horn ringing!
  Over the hill-top the mounted men climb.

Flashing of scarlet, and glitter, and jingle,
  The deep bay, the rhythm of hoof and of cry,—
Echo, O echo! The winds rush and mingle!
  Halloo, view halloo! And the Hunt has swept by.

Stay! All the morning is hushed and is sober,
  Bare is the hill-top and sad as its wont,—
Out of the ghost of a long-dead October
  Blows as the dust blows the ghost of the Hunt!

SIR WILLIAM SMITH, D.C.L.

FEW have done more for classical and ecclesiastical learning in the present age than Sir William Smith. No one has equalled him in the number and excellence of the works he has edited, suggested, or written for the use of the student and the scholar. His whole life has been given to this exhausting labor; fortunately it has not been without its proper reward. He was born in London, 1814, and was educated at the University of London, now University College, where he gained the first prize in Latin and Greek, was entered at Gray's Inn, and began to fit himself for the bar. But his taste lay in classical studies, and he soon abandoned the law to become a Professor of Latin and Greek in two independent colleges. When, in 1850, three institutions were formed into one, the "New College of London," Dr. Smith was appointed to the Professorship of Greek and Latin, and in 1853 was made Classical Examiner in the University of London. In 1867 he became the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, a position he has retained ever since.

His *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, 1840–1842, first enlarged his reputation; it was published in parts, was widely circulated, and was spoken of by Dr. Goodrich, Professor Felton, Moses Stuart, and others in high praise. Next he began his *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, 1843–1849, also in monthly parts. Then followed, 1852–1857, a *Dictionary of Ancient Geography*. These works were widely diffused in England and all English-speaking lands, and have banished forever the imperfect manuals of Lempriere, Potter, and Adams. In 1860 Mr. Smith published his *Dictionary of the Bible*, its antiquities, natural history, etc. In 1875 he completed his *Atlas of Biblical and Classical Geography*, and in 1877–1887 published his *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, etc. In all these labors he was assisted by many eminent scholars, and his dictionaries are marked by liberal thought and varied learning. But probably his "Student's Series" of short histories, begun in 1853, and his *English-Latin Dictionary*, 1870, his *Latin Grammar*, and a long series of useful manuals, have made his name most familiar in every school and college. He has also written many critical and other essays, and was known as an accomplished writer and careful editor of the *Quarterly*.

Dr. Smith's useful labors have been rewarded by a wide success and many literary honors. In 1870 he was made D.C.L. at Oxford, and he has been decorated with a title by the crown. He is now known as Sir William Smith, and new editions of his works are constantly brought out by Mr. Murray, his publisher, with all the additions of modern research. It is impossible to name them all; but it is safe to say that none has been without its use. His sudden death, although at an advanced age, will be a real loss to scholarship and be generally regretted.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE contemporary American feels poor. If any one doubts it, let him try to sell a horse. It can be done occasionally, but he will find that when it is possible to make a sale at all, horses of distinction bring the prices of ordinary good horses, ordinary good horses bring the prices of common plugs, and common plugs cannot be given away. It is told that a man in Wall Street who incautiously divulged his willingness to buy a pair of horses was besieged in his office the next morning by a desperate and vociferous crowd of brokers who had horses to sell or bestow. The better grades of horses are a favorite investment for surplus funds. When people's incomes exceed their absolute needs, the luxury of horses is one of their earliest indulgences. So when incomes drop off, to shut up the stable is one of the earliest economies that suggest themselves. When it suggests itself at about the same time to three horse-owners out of every five, the effect on the market is somewhat demoralizing.

And if horses are a drug in the market, how must it be with yachts, and what must be the feelings of impoverished yachtsmen who want to sell! A yacht, to be sure, when it is safe ashore, does not eat its head off, but no doubt even when out of commission it finds means enough of making a poor man feel somewhat poorer.

The University of Pennsylvania offers this year a special course for intending journalists, wherefrom youth with newspaper aspirations may hope to learn such things as seem to be especially advantageous for them to know. It will be a four years' course, the work of the first half of it being not materially different from that of the first two years in most colleges, and the special preparation for newspaper work being confined to the third and fourth years. Professor Johnson, who has charge of the course, was a newspaper man of large experience when, in 1890, he undertook to found a daily paper in Spokane. He wanted as his assistant "a man who was familiar with the history of politics; who knew all about the tariff, the financial question, and the Chinese exclusion law; who knew where to go for statistics, and how to use them; and who knew the history of the great parties, and could judge intelligently of the effect of different legislation." He could find bright young men who could write up news, but the encyclopædic person whom he wanted as his assistant turned out to be so scarce that the training of young men of that sort commended itself to him as a particularly worthy work. Now, in the University of Pennsylvania, he is going to see how far it is possible to impart to young men beforehand the sort of information that a good all-around newspaper man is bound to acquire. The purpose is laudable, and there is no apparent reason why it should not reach a fair measure of success. The newspaper, like Lord Bacon, takes all knowledge for its own, and it is a special felicity of the newspaper man's job that there is scarcely anything which he can learn that he cannot, sooner or later, make useful in his business. But, of course, there is a choice of knowledge, and the assortment that Professor Johnson offers has been selected with excellent discretion.

One omission he has made which seems worth noting. It is an exceedingly handy thing for an editor to be a good judge of religion, to know what is orthodox and what is not; but especially to be able to distinguish between the Christian religion and its intricate and varying theologies. A person of sound judgment, who can turn out seasonable "copy," the sentiments of which shall accord with the principles of the New Testament, is worth a good many dollars a week on that account alone, even to a struggling new journal in Spokane. Nothing interests so many people as religion, and nothing makes better occasional reading in a newspaper, if only it is the real thing, and aptly imparted. If Professor Johnson does not ground his young men thoroughly in the four gospels, his duty to them will have been imperfectly carried out. Familiarity with the Constitution itself is less indispensable to their training.

According to the recent annual report of the British Museum, the most notable acquisition made by the Museum during this last year was the Royal Gold Cup believed to have been ordered in 1380 by the Duc de Berry as a gift to Charles V., who died (in 1380) before he got it. Since then the cup has steadily accumulated history and value. The duke gave it to his son, Charles VI., who got hard up and let it go into the possession of the Regent Bedford. From him it went to King Henry VI. of England. Henry VIII. owned it, and, naturally, had some changes made in it. It came down to James I., and thence into the hands of the police in the shape of the Constable of Castile, who came to London in 1610 to negotiate a treaty. The constable took it home and gave it to a convent, where it remained until 1883, when it was sold. It was bought for the Museum for £8000, £2830 of which was paid by a government grant, and the rest by private subscription.

Such a cup as that ought to be kept in active service. It is as well, to be sure, that it should be in a museum as in a convent, but there are better places for it than either. It would make an excellent cup for some sort of international competition. It is really affecting to think of so old and doubtless thirsty a vessel standing year after year in a glass case, and never a drink poured into it, nor ever one drunk out.

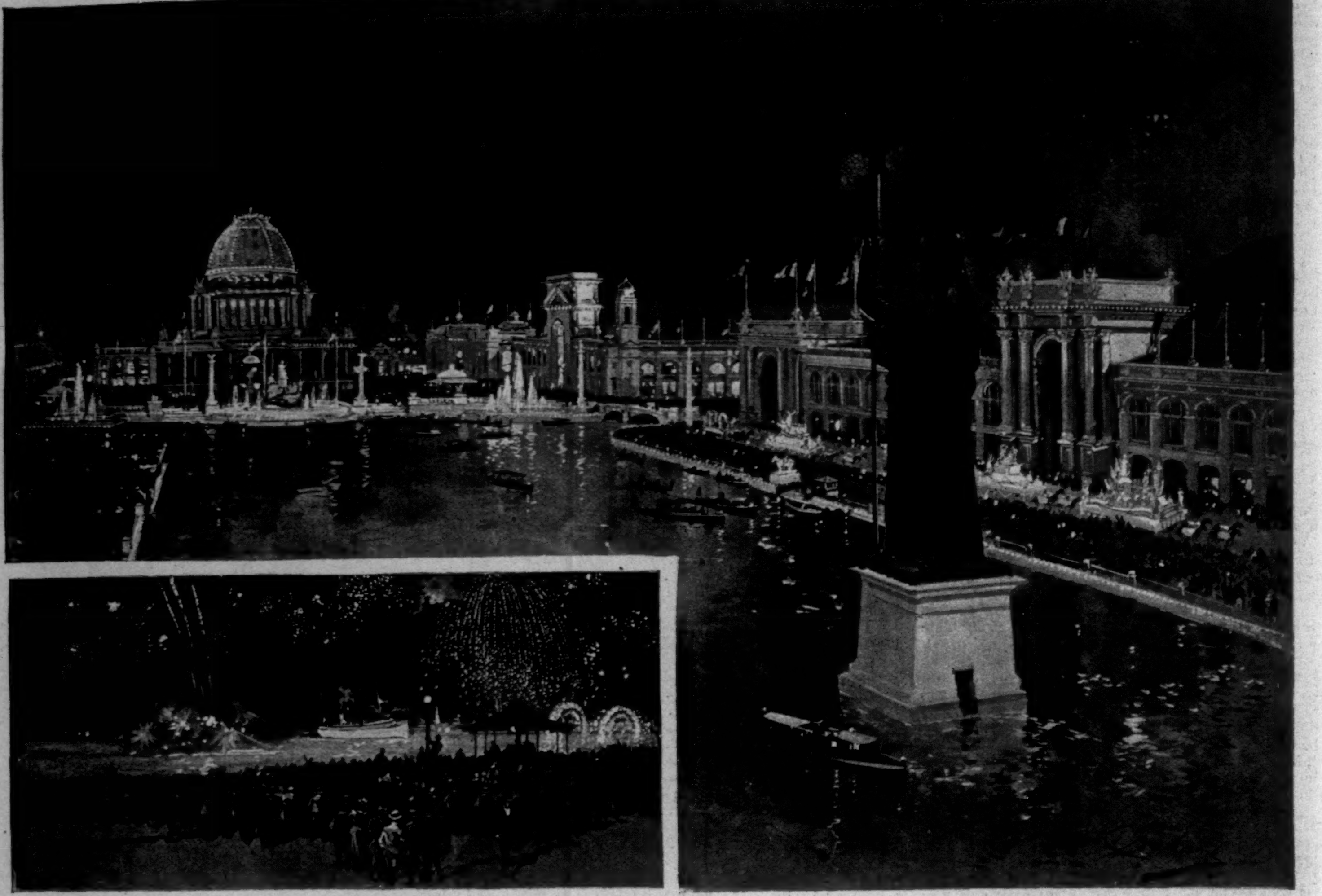
M. Zola, who, like Gilbert's hero, "is now a respectable chap," and is heard with attention by persons the most circumspect, avers that Taine once said to him: "If I were not so old I should like to go first to study the Indies, Palestine, and Egypt—that is to say, the dead civilizations. I should try to understand what caused them to perish. Then I should go to America to study a civilization which is rising, and ascertain if it contains from its birth the seeds of death." That, he says, is what M. Bourget is doing, and he declares that if he were not "a snail wrapped in his shell" he would undertake the same errand himself. Whether our rising American civilization contains in it the seeds of death is the thing that of all others thoughtful Americans are anxious to know; and if M. Bourget comes to any conclusion on the subject, his deliverances will be received with attention. He could not have chosen a better year in which to make his observations. He will see the Americans at Chicago as they have never been seen before, and find our system of government tested in a way which, if not unprecedented, is at least unusual. It is safe enough to say that not since the war, at least, have Americans meditated more on possible imperfections in the Constitution than during the last two months. The forced inaction of the Senate has worried them. When the wheels don't go round after steam has been turned on, observers begin to wonder how serious a trouble it is that ails the machine. Moreover, not since Tweed's time has there been more anxious distrust of some of our rulers, or more speculation as to whether our government is by the people or by the bosses. But M. Bourget is hardly the man to reach important conclusions about our political tendencies. If any visitor could do that it would be some such a one as Mr. Bryce, who knows us as few of us know ourselves. The most that we may hope from M. Bourget is that he will study the people he sees at Chicago and wherever he goes, and study their visible works, and try to determine what manner of folks they are and whither they are tending.

If the purpose of his visit here is really at all such as M. Zola suggests, he will inform himself early, in so far as he can, of the state of religion in this country. There is encouragement for him, if he happens to find it, in the address of Bishop Potter to the members of the recent Episcopal diocesan convention in New York. Censuring the critics who were too ready to ridicule certain kinds of church-work in New York, the Bishop said: "The Church is not a soup kitchen, nor a bowling-alley, nor a billiard table. But neither is it a prayer-book, a pulpit, nor a pastoral call in Fifth Avenue." And speaking further on of his supreme interest in the work of a certain east-side mission-house, he added:

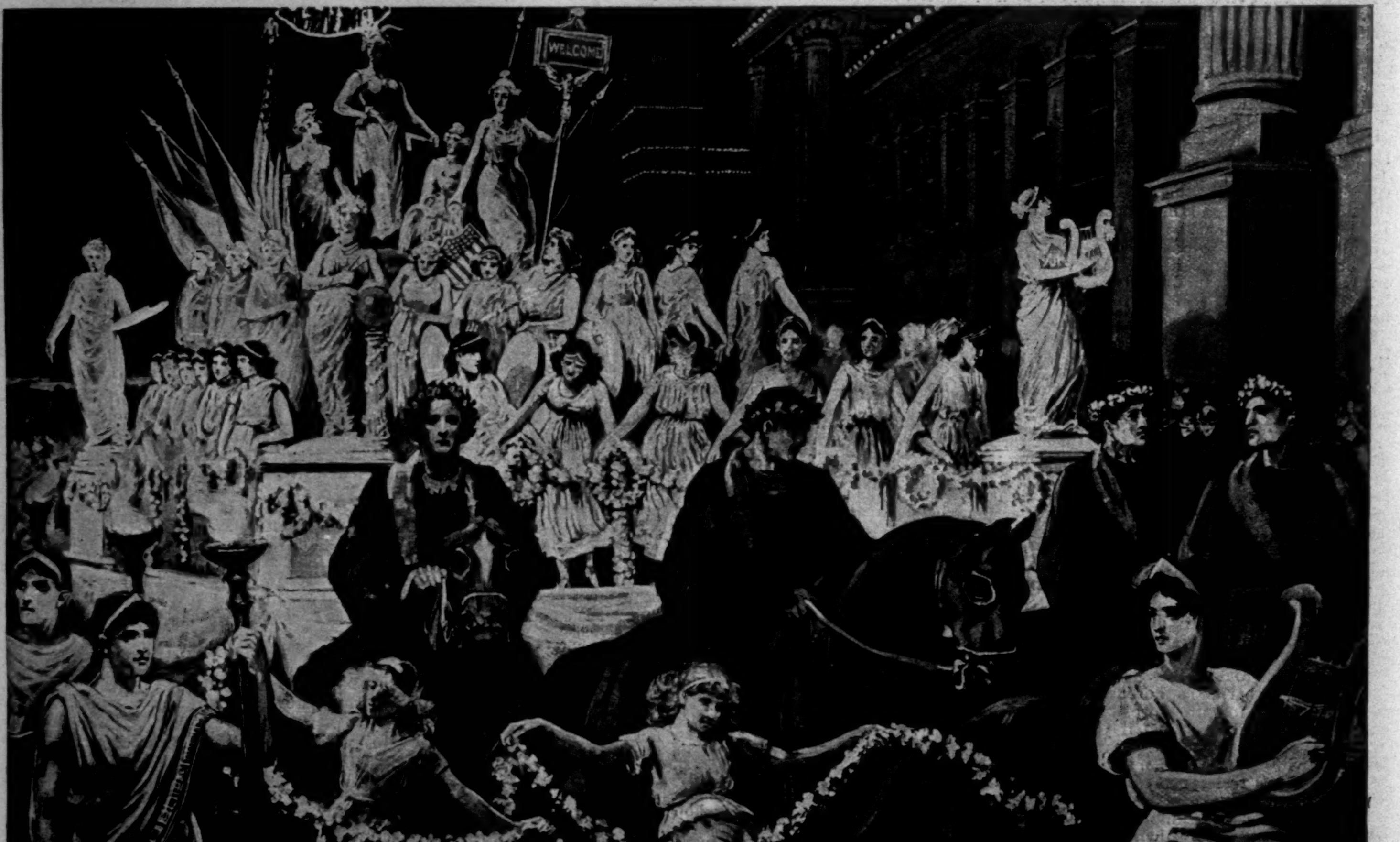
> "If I and my brethren of the clergy would go in turn, for a month or two at a time, with a few faithful laity, and live sparely, and work faithfully, and pray earnestly with and among our brethren who are now so far—alas, how far!—from us, I do not say that we should revolutionize New York; I do not say that we should repeat the scenes of Pentecostal days; but I do say that I believe that we should learn how to understand and to get near to those whom we desired to serve, as we can never do in any other way."

If we are going to last in this country, it is the spirit to which Bishop Potter thus gives expression that must pull us through. We have luxury and pride and the spoils system, and the bosses, and the walking delegates, and the nigger-hunters, and vagrant millionaires, and all the usual detriments to split us up, and if there is anything but our Christianity that promises to be effectual to hold us together, let us hope that M. Bourget will discover it and point it out. The newspapers and the railroads think that they are going to save us, and they may help, but it is a large undertaking for them to manage alone.

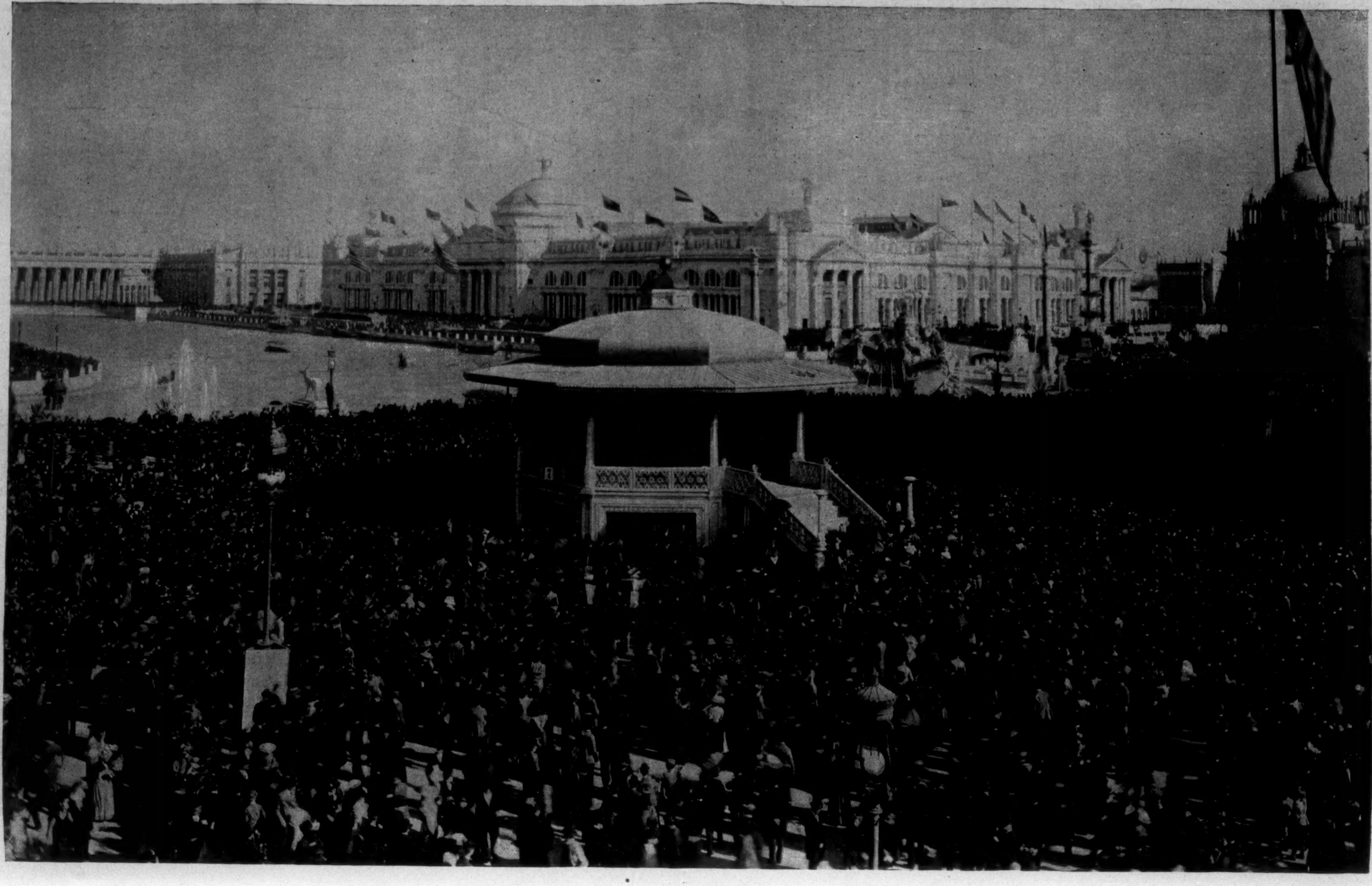
E. S. MARTIN.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—CHICAGO DAY AT NIGHT—THE GRAND COURT FROM THE PERISTYLE—FIREWORKS ON LAKE FRONT.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE NIGHT PAGEANT ON CHICAGO DAY—THE FLOAT OF "CHICAGO WELCOMING THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH."—DRAWN BY HERBERT E. BUTLER.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CHICAGO DAY CROWD IN THE COURT OF HONOR, OCTOBER 9TH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARNOLD.

Over 700,000 Persons present. The largest Day's Attendance at any International Exposition.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE NAVAL TREATY.

II.

WE were fortunate in finding that Lord Holdhurst was still in his chamber at Downing Street, and on Holmes sending in his card we were instantly shown up. The statesman received us with that old-fashioned courtesy for which he is remarkable, and seated us on the two luxuriant lounges on either side of the fireplace. Standing on the rug between us, with his slight tall figure, his sharp features, thoughtful face, and curling hair prematurely tinged with gray, he seemed to represent that not too common type—a nobleman who is in truth noble.

"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr. Holmes," said he, smiling, "and of course I cannot pretend to be ignorant of the object of your visit. There has only been one occurrence in these offices which could call for your attention. In whose interest are you acting, may I ask?"

"In that of Mr. Percy Phelps," answered Holmes.

"Ah, my unfortunate nephew! You can understand that our kinship makes it the more impossible for me to screen him in any way. I fear that the incident must have a very prejudicial effect upon his career."

"But if the document is found?"

"Ah, that of course would be different."

"I had one or two questions which I wished to ask you, Lord Holdhurst."

"I shall be happy to give you any information in my power."

"Was it in this room that you gave your instructions as to the copying of the document?"

"It was."

"Then you could hardly have been overheard?"

"It is out of the question."

"Did you ever mention to any one that it was your intention to give any one the treaty to be copied?"

"Never."

"You are certain of that?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, since you never said so, and Mr. Phelps never said so, and nobody else knew anything of the matter, then the thief's presence in the room was purely accidental. He saw his chance and he took it."

The statesman smiled. "You take me out of my province there," said he.

Holmes considered for a moment. "There is another very important point which I wish to discuss with you," said he. "You feared, as I understand, that very grave results might follow from the details of this treaty becoming known."

A shadow passed over the expressive face of the statesman. "Very grave results indeed."

"And have they occurred?"

"Not yet."

"If the treaty had reached, let us say, the French or Russian Foreign Office, you would expect to hear of it?"

"I should," said Lord Holdhurst, with a wry face.

"Since nearly ten weeks have elapsed, then, and nothing has been heard, it is not unfair to suppose that for some reason the treaty has not reached them."

Lord Holdhurst shrugged his shoulders. "We can hardly suppose, Mr. Holmes, that the thief took the treaty in order to frame it and hang it up."

"Perhaps he is waiting for a better price."

"If he waits a little longer he will get no price at all. The treaty will cease to be secret in a few months."

"That is most important," said Holmes. "Of course it is a possible supposition that the thief has had a sudden illness—"

"An attack of brain-fever, for example?" asked the statesman, flashing a swift glance at him.

"I did not say so," said Holmes, imperturbably; "and now, Lord Holdhurst, we have already taken up too much of your valuable time, and we shall wish you good-day."

"Every success to your investigation, be the criminal who he may," answered the nobleman, as he bowed us out at the door.

"He's a fine fellow," said Holmes, as we came out into Whitehall. "But he has a struggle to keep up his position. He is far from rich, and has many calls. You noticed, of course, that his boots have been resoled. Now, Watson, I won't detain you from your legitimate work any longer. I shall do nothing more to-day, unless I have an answer to my cab advertisement. But I should be extremely obliged to you if you would come down with me to Woking to-morrow by the same train which we took to-day."

I met him accordingly the next morning, and we travelled down to Woking together. He had had no answer to his advertisement, he said, and no fresh light had been thrown upon the case. He had, when he so willed it, the utter immobility of countenance of a red Indian, and I could not gather from his appearance whether he was satisfied or not with the position of the case. His conversation, I remember, was about the Bertillon system of measurements, and he expressed his enthusiastic admiration of the French *savant*.

We found our client still under the charge of his devoted nurse, but looking considerably better than before. He rose from the sofa and greeted us without difficulty when we entered.

"Any news?" he asked, eagerly.

"My report, as I expected, is a negative one," said Holmes. "I have seen Forbes, and I have seen your uncle, and I have set one or two trains of inquiry upon foot which may lead to something."

"You have not lost heart, then?"

"By no means."

"God bless you for saying that!" cried Miss Harrison. "If we keep our courage and our patience the truth must come out."

"We have more to tell you than you have for us," said Phelps, reseating himself upon the couch.

"I hoped you might have something."

"Yes, we have had an adventure during the night, and one which might have proved to be a serious one." His expression grew very grave as he spoke, and a look of something akin to fear sprang up in his eyes. "Do you know," said he, "that I begin to believe that I am the unconscious centre of some monstrous conspiracy, and that my life is aimed at as well as my honor."

"Ah!" cried Holmes.

"It sounds incredible, for I have not, as far as I know, an enemy in the world. Yet from last night's experience I can come to no other conclusion."

"Pray let me hear it."

"You must know that last night was the very first night that I have ever slept without a nurse in the room. I was so much better that I thought I could dispense with one. I had a night light burning, however. Well, about two in the morning I had sunk into a light sleep when I was suddenly aroused by a slight noise. It was like the sound which a mouse makes when it is gnawing a plank, and I lay listening to it for some time under the impression that it must come from that cause. Then it grew louder, and suddenly there came from the window a sharp metallic snick. I sat up in amazement. There could be no doubt what the sounds were now. The first ones had been caused by some one forcing an instrument through the slit between the sashes, and the second by the catch being pressed back.

"There was a pause then for about ten minutes, as if the person were waiting to see whether the noise had awakened me. Then I heard a gentle creaking as the window was very slowly opened. I could stand it no longer, for my nerves are not what they used to be. I sprang out of bed and flung open the shutters. A man was crouching at the window. I could see little of him, for he was gone like a flash. He was wrapped in some sort of cloak which came across the lower part of his face. One thing only I am sure of, and that is that he had some weapon in his hand. It looked to me like a long knife. I distinctly saw the gleam of it as he turned to run."

"This is most interesting," said Holmes. "Pray what did you do then?"

"I should have followed him through the open window if I had been stronger. As it was, I rang the bell and roused the house. It took me some little time, for the bell rings in the kitchen, and the servants all sleep upstairs. I shouted, however, and that brought Joseph down, and he roused the others. Joseph and the groom found marks on the bed outside the window, but the weather has been so dry lately that they found it hopeless to follow the trail across the grass. There's a place, however, on the wooden fence which skirts the road which shows signs, they tell me, as if some one had got over and had snapped the top of the rail in doing so. I have said nothing to the local police yet, for I thought I had best have your opinion first."

This tale of our client's appeared to have an extraordinary effect upon Sherlock Holmes. He rose from his chair and paced about the room in uncontrollable excitement.

"Misfortunes never come single," said Phelps, smiling, though it was evident that his adventure had somewhat shaken him.

"You have certainly had your share," said Holmes. "Do you think you could walk round the house with me?"

"Oh yes; I should like a little sunshine. Joseph will come too."

"And I also," said Miss Harrison.

"I am afraid not," said Holmes, shaking his head. "I think I must ask you to remain sitting exactly where you are."

The young lady resumed her seat with an air of displeasure. Her brother, however, had joined us, and we set off, all four together. We passed round the lawn to the outside of the young diplomatist's window. There were, as he had said, marks upon the bed, but they were hopelessly blurred and vague. Holmes stooped over them for an instant, and then rose, shrugging his shoulders.

"I don't think any one could make much of this," said he. "Let us go round the house and see why this particular room was chosen by the burglar. I should have thought those larger windows of the drawing-room and dining-room would have had more attractions for him."

"They are more visible from the road," suggested Mr. Joseph Harrison.

"Ah, yes, of course. There is a door here which he might have attempted. What is it for?"

"It is the side entrance for tradespeople. Of course it is locked at night."

"Have you ever had an alarm like this before?"

"Never," said our client.

"Do you keep plate in the house, or anything to attract burglars?"

"Nothing of value."

Holmes strolled round the house with his hands in his pockets and a negligent air which was unusual with him.

"By-the-way," said he to Joseph Harrison, "you found some place, I understand, where the fellow scaled the fence. Let us have a look at that."

The plump young man led us to a spot where the top of one of the wooden rails had been cracked. A small fragment of the wood was hanging down. Holmes pulled it off and examined it critically.

"Do you think that was done last night? It looks rather old, does it not?"

"Well, possibly so."

"There are no marks of any one jumping down upon the other side. No, I fancy we shall get no help here. Let us go back to the bedroom and talk the matter over."

Percy Phelps was walking very slowly, leaning upon the arm of his future brother-in-law. Holmes walked swiftly across the lawn, and we were at the open window of the bedroom long before the others came up.

"Miss Harrison," said Holmes, speaking with the utmost intensity of manner, "you must stay where you are all day. Let nothing prevent you from staying where you are all day. It is of the utmost importance."

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Holmes," said the girl, in astonishment.

"When you go to bed lock the door of this room on the outside and keep the key. Promise to do this."

"But Percy?"

"He will come to London with us."

"And I to remain here?"

"It is for his sake. You can serve him. Quick, promise!"

She gave a quick nod of assent just as the other two came up.

"Why do you sit moping there, Annie?" cried her brother. "Come out into the sunshine."

"No, thank you, Joseph. I have a slight headache, and this room is deliciously cool and soothing."

"What do you propose now, Mr. Holmes?" asked our client.

"Well, in investigating this minor affair we must not lose sight of our main inquiry. It would be a very great help to me if you would come up to London with us."

"At once?"

"Well, as soon as you conveniently can. Say in an hour."

"I feel quite strong enough if I can really be of any help."

"The greatest possible."

"Perhaps you would like me to stay there to-night?"

"I was just going to propose it."

"Then, if my friend of the night comes to revisit me, he will find the bird flown. We are all in your hands, Mr. Holmes, and you must tell us exactly what you would like done. Perhaps you would prefer that Joseph came with us so as to look after me?"

"Oh no; my friend Watson is a medical man, you know, and he'll look after you. We'll have our lunch here, if you will permit us, and then we shall all three set off for town together."

It was arranged as he suggested, though Miss Harrison excused herself from leaving the bedroom in accordance with Holmes's suggestion. What the object of my friend's manœuvres was I could not conceive, unless it were to keep the lady away from Phelps, who, rejoiced by his returning health and by the prospect of action, lunched with us in the dining-room. Holmes had a still more startling surprise for us, however, for, after accompanying us down to the station and seeing us into our carriage, he calmly announced that he had no intention of leaving Woking.

"There are one or two small points which I should desire to clear up before I go," said he. "Your absence, Mr. Phelps, will in some ways rather assist me. Watson, when you reach London, you would oblige me by driving at once to Baker Street with our friend here, and remaining with him until I see you again. It is fortunate that you are old school-fellows, as you must have much to talk over. Mr. Phelps can have the spare bedroom to-night, and I will be with you in time for breakfast, for there is a train which will take me into Waterloo at eight."

"But how about our investigation in London?" asked Phelps, ruefully.

"We can do that to-morrow. I think that just at present I can be of more immediate use here."

"You might tell them at Briarbrae that I hope to be back to-morrow night," cried Phelps, as we began to move from the platform.

"I hardly expect to go back to Briarbrae," answered Holmes, and waved his hand to us cheerily as we shot out from the station.

Phelps and I talked it over on our journey, but neither of us could devise a satisfactory reason for this new development.

"I suppose he wants to find out some clew as to the burglary last night, if a burglar it was. For myself, I don't believe it was an ordinary thief."

"What is your own idea, then?"

"Upon my word, you may put it down to my weak nerves or not, but I believe there is some deep political intrigue going on around me, and that, for some reason that passes my understanding, my life is aimed at by the conspirators. It sounds high-flown and absurd, but consider the facts! Why should a thief try to break in at a bedroom window where there could be no hope of any plunder, and why should he come with a long knife in his hand?"

"You are sure it was not a house-breaker's jimmy?"

"Oh no; it was a knife. I saw the flash of the blade quite distinctly."

"But why on earth should you be pursued with such animosity?"

"Ah, that is the question."

"Well, if Holmes takes the same view that would account for his action, would it not? Presuming that your theory is correct, if he can lay his hands upon the man who threatened you last night, he will have gone a long way towards finding who took the naval treaty. It is absurd to suppose that you have two enemies, one of whom robs you, while the other threatens your life."

"But Holmes said that he was not going to Briarbrae."

"I have known him for some time," said I, "but I never knew him do anything yet without a very good reason," and with that our conversation drifted off on to other topics.

But it was a weary day for me. Phelps was still weak after his long illness, and his misfortunes made him querulous and nervous. In vain I endeavored to interest him in Afghanistan, in India, in social questions, in anything which might take his mind out of the groove. He would always come back to his lost treaty, wondering, guessing, speculating as to what Holmes was doing, what steps Lord Holdhurst was taking, what news we should have in the morning. As the evening wore on his excitement became quite painful.

"You have implicit faith in Holmes?" he asked.

"I have seen him do some remarkable things."

"But he never brought light into anything quite so dark as this."

"Oh yes, I have known him solve questions which presented fewer clews than yours."

"But not where such large interests are at stake?"

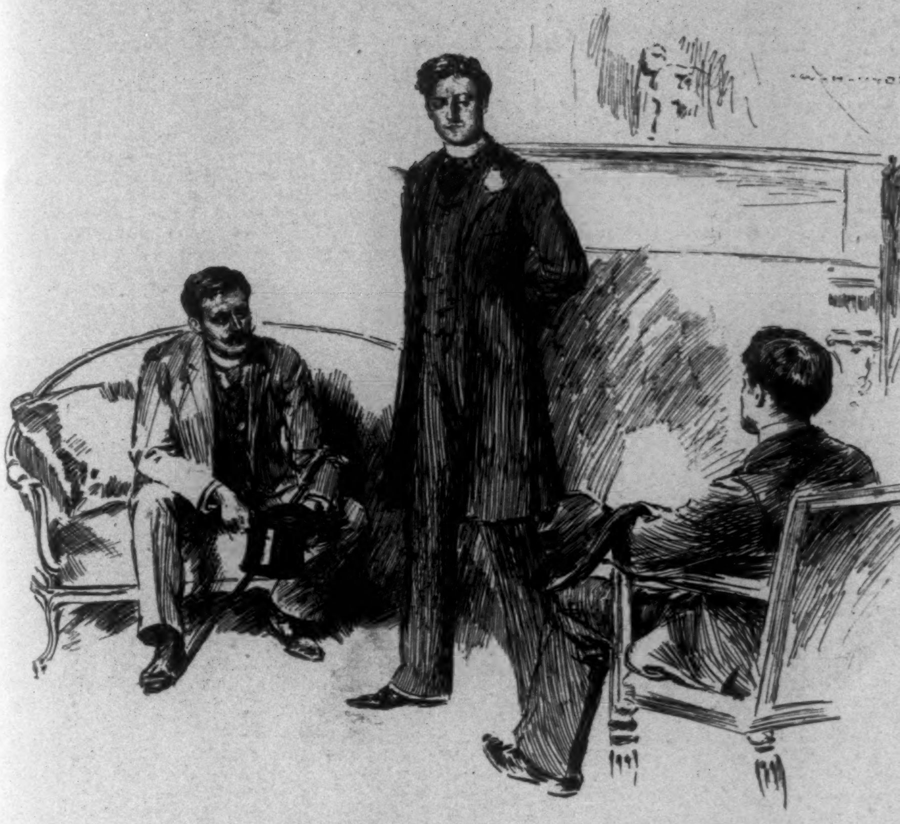
"I don't know that. To my certain knowledge he has acted on behalf of three of the reigning houses of Europe in very vital matters."

"But you know him well, Watson. He is such an inscrutable fellow that I never quite know what to make of him. Do you think he is hopeful? Do you think he expects to make a success of it?"

"He has said nothing."

"That is a bad sign."

"On the contrary, I have noticed that when he is off the trail he generally says so. It is when he is on a scent, and is not quite absolutely sure yet that it is the right one, that he is most taciturn. Now, my dear fellow, we can't help matters by making ourselves nervous about them, so let me



"STANDING ON THE RUG BETWEEN US."

implore you to go to bed, and so be fresh for whatever may await us to-morrow."

I was able at last to persuade my companion to take my advice, though I knew from his excited manner that there was not much hope of sleep for him. Indeed his mood was infectious, for I lay tossing half the night myself, brooding over this strange problem, and inventing a hundred theories, each of which was more impossible than the last. Why had Holmes remained at Woking? Why had he asked Miss Harrison to remain in the sick-room all day? Why had he been so careful not to inform the people at Briarbrae that he intended to remain near them? I cudgelled my brains until I fell asleep in the endeavor to find some explanation which would cover all these facts.

It was seven o'clock when I awoke, and I set off at once for Phelps's room, to find him haggard and spent after a sleepless night. His first question was whether Holmes had arrived yet.

"He'll be here when he promised," said I, "and not an instant sooner or later."

And my words were true, for shortly after eight a hansom dashed up to the door and our friend got out of it. Standing in the window, we saw that his left hand was swathed in a bandage and that his face was very grim and pale. He entered the house, but it was some little time before he came up stairs.

"He looks like a beaten man!" cried Phelps.

I was forced to confess that he was right. "After all," said I, "the clew of the matter lies probably here in town."

Phelps gave a groan. "I don't know how it is," said he, "but I had hoped for so much from his return. But surely his hand was not tied up like that yesterday. What can be the matter?"

"You are not wounded, Holmes?" I asked, as my friend entered the room.

"Tut, it is only a scratch through my own clumsiness," he answered, nodding his good-mornings to us. "This case of yours, Mr. Phelps, is certainly one of the darkest which I have ever investigated."

"I feared that you would find it beyond you."

"It has been a most remarkable experience."

"That bandage tells of adventures," said I. "Won't you tell us what has happened?"

"After breakfast, my dear Watson. Remember that I have breathed thirty miles of Surrey air this morning. I suppose that there has been no answer from my cabman advertisement? Well, well, we cannot expect to score every time."

The table was all laid, and just as I was about to ring, Mrs. Hudson entered with the tea and coffee. A few minutes later she brought in three covers, and we all drew up to the table, Holmes ravenous, I curious, and Phelps in the gloomiest state of depression.

"Mrs. Hudson has risen to the occasion," said Holmes, uncovering a dish of curried chicken; "her cuisine is a little limited, but she has as good an idea of breakfast as a Scotch woman. What have you there, Watson?"

"Ham and eggs," I answered.

"Good! What are you going to take, Mr. Phelps—curried fowl, or eggs, or will you help yourself?"

"Thank you. I can eat nothing," said Phelps.

"Oh, come! Try the dish before you."

"Thank you, I would really rather not."

"Well, then," said Holmes, with a mischievous twinkle, "I suppose that you have no objection to helping me?"

Phelps raised the cover, and as he did so he uttered a scream, and sat there staring with a face as white as the plate upon which he looked. Across the centre of it was lying a little cylinder of blue-gray paper. He caught it up, devoured it with his eyes, and then danced madly about the room, pressing it to his bosom and shrieking out in his delight. Then he fell back into an arm-chair, so limp and exhausted with his own emotions that we had to pour brandy down his throat to keep him from fainting.

"There, there!" said Holmes, soothingly, patting him upon the shoulder. "It was too bad to spring it on you like this, but Watson here will tell you that I never can resist a touch of the dramatic."

Phelps seized his hand and kissed it. "God bless you!" he cried; "you have saved my honor."

"Well, my own was at stake, you know," said Holmes. "I assure you it is just as hateful to me to fail in a case as it can be to you to blunder over a commission."

Phelps thrust away the precious document into the innermost pocket of his coat. "I have not the heart to interrupt your breakfast any further, and yet I am dying to know how you got it and where it was."

Sherlock Holmes swallowed a cup of coffee and turned his attention to the ham and eggs. Then he rose, lit his pipe, and settled himself down into his chair. "I'll tell you what I did first, and how I came to do it afterwards," said he. "After leaving you at the station, I went for a charming walk through some admirable Surrey scenery to a pretty little village called Ripley, where I had my tea at an inn, and took the precaution of filling my flask and of putting a paper of sandwiches in my pocket. There I remained until evening, when I set off for Woking again, and found myself in the highroad outside Briarbrae just after sunset. Well, I waited until the road was clear—it is never a very frequented one at any time, I fancy—and then I clambered over the fence into the grounds."

"Surely the gate was open!" ejaculated Phelps.

"Yes, but I have a peculiar taste in these matters. I chose the place where the three fir-trees stand, and behind their screen I got over without the least chance of any one in the house being able to see me. I crouched down among the bushes on the other side, and crawled from one to the other—witness the disreputable state of my trouser knees—until I had reached the clump of rhododendrons just opposite to your bedroom window. There I squatted down and awaited developments.

"The blind was not down in your room, and I could see Miss Harrison sitting there reading by the table. It was quarter past ten when she closed her book, fastened the shutters, and retired.

"I heard her shut the door, and felt quite sure that she had turned the key in the lock."

"The key!" ejaculated Phelps.

"Yes, I had given Miss Harrison instructions to lock the door on the outside and take the key with her when she went to bed. She carried out every one of my injunctions to the letter, and certainly without her co-operation you would not have that paper in your coat pocket. She departed then and the lights went out, and I was left squatting in the rhododendron bush.

"The night was fine, but still it was a very weary vigil. Of course it has the sort of excitement about it that the sportsman feels when he lies beside the watercourse and waits for the big game. It was very long, though; almost as long, Watson, as when you and I waited in that deadly room when we looked into the little problem of the Speckled Band. There was a church clock down at Woking which struck the quarters, and I thought more than once that it had stopped. At last, however, about two in the morning, I suddenly heard the gentle sound of a bolt being pushed back, and the creaking of a key. A moment later the servants' door was opened, and Mr. Joseph Harrison stepped out into the moonlight."

"Joseph!" ejaculated Phelps.

"He was bareheaded, but he had a black cloak thrown over his shoulder so that he could conceal his face in an instant, if there were any alarm. He walked on tiptoe under the shadow of the wall, and when he reached the window he worked a long-bladed knife through the sash and pushed back the catch. Then he flung open the window, and putting his knife through the crack in the shutters, he thrust the bar up and swung them open.

"From where I lay I had a perfect view of the inside of the room and of every one of his movements. He lit the two candles which stood upon the mantel-piece, and then he proceeded to turn back the corner of the carpet in the neighborhood of the door. Presently he stooped and picked out a square piece of board, such as is usually left to enable plumbers to get at the joints of the gas-pipes. This one covered, as a matter of fact, the T joint which gives off the pipe which supplies the kitchen underneath. Out of this hiding-place he drew that little cylinder of paper, pushed down the board, rearranged the carpet, blew out the candles, and walked straight into my arms as I stood waiting for him outside the window.

"Well, he has rather more viciousness than I gave him credit for, has Master Joseph. He flew at me with his knife, and I had to grass him twice, and got a cut over the knuckles, before I had the upper hand of him. He looked murder out of the only eye he could see with when we had finished, but he listened to reason and gave up the papers. Having got them, I let my man go, but I wired full particulars to Forbes this morning. If he is quick enough to catch his bird, well and good. But if, as I shrewdly suspect, he finds the nest empty before he gets there, why all the better for the government. I fancy that Lord Holdhurst for one, and Mr. Percy Phelps for another, would very much rather that the affair never got as far as a police court."

"My God!" gasped our client. "Do you tell me that during these long ten weeks of agony the stolen papers were within the very room with me all the time?"

"So it was."

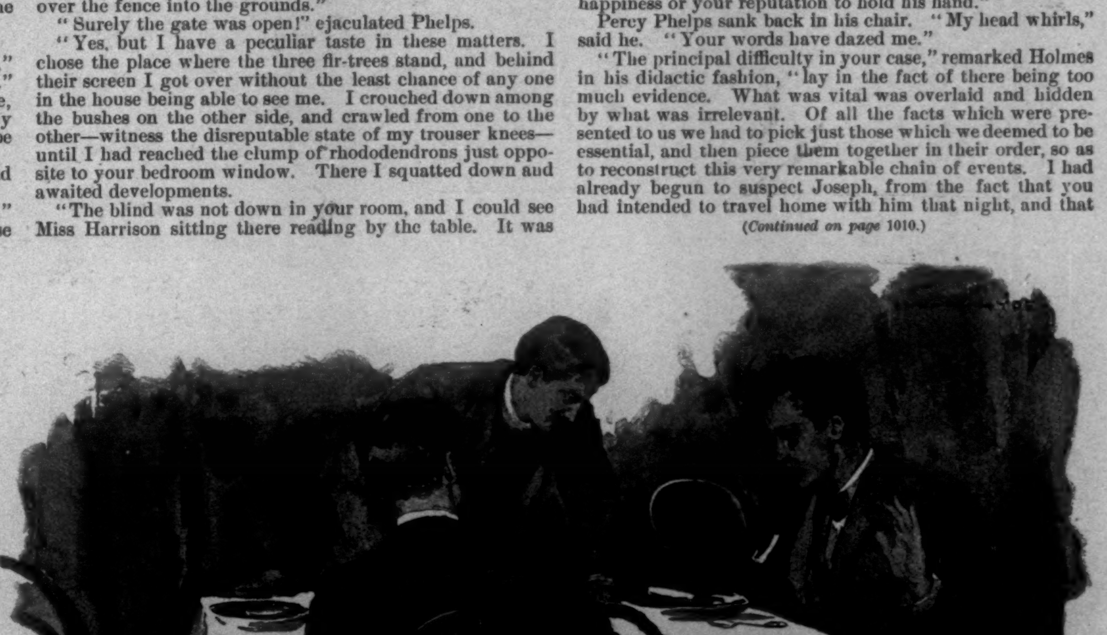
"And Joseph! Joseph a villain and a thief!"

"Hum! I am afraid Joseph's character is a rather deeper and more dangerous one than one might judge from his appearance. From what I have heard from him this morning I gather that he has lost heavily in dabbling with stocks, and that he is ready to do anything on earth to better his fortunes. Being an absolutely selfish man, when a chance presented itself, he did not allow either his sister's happiness or your reputation to hold his hand."

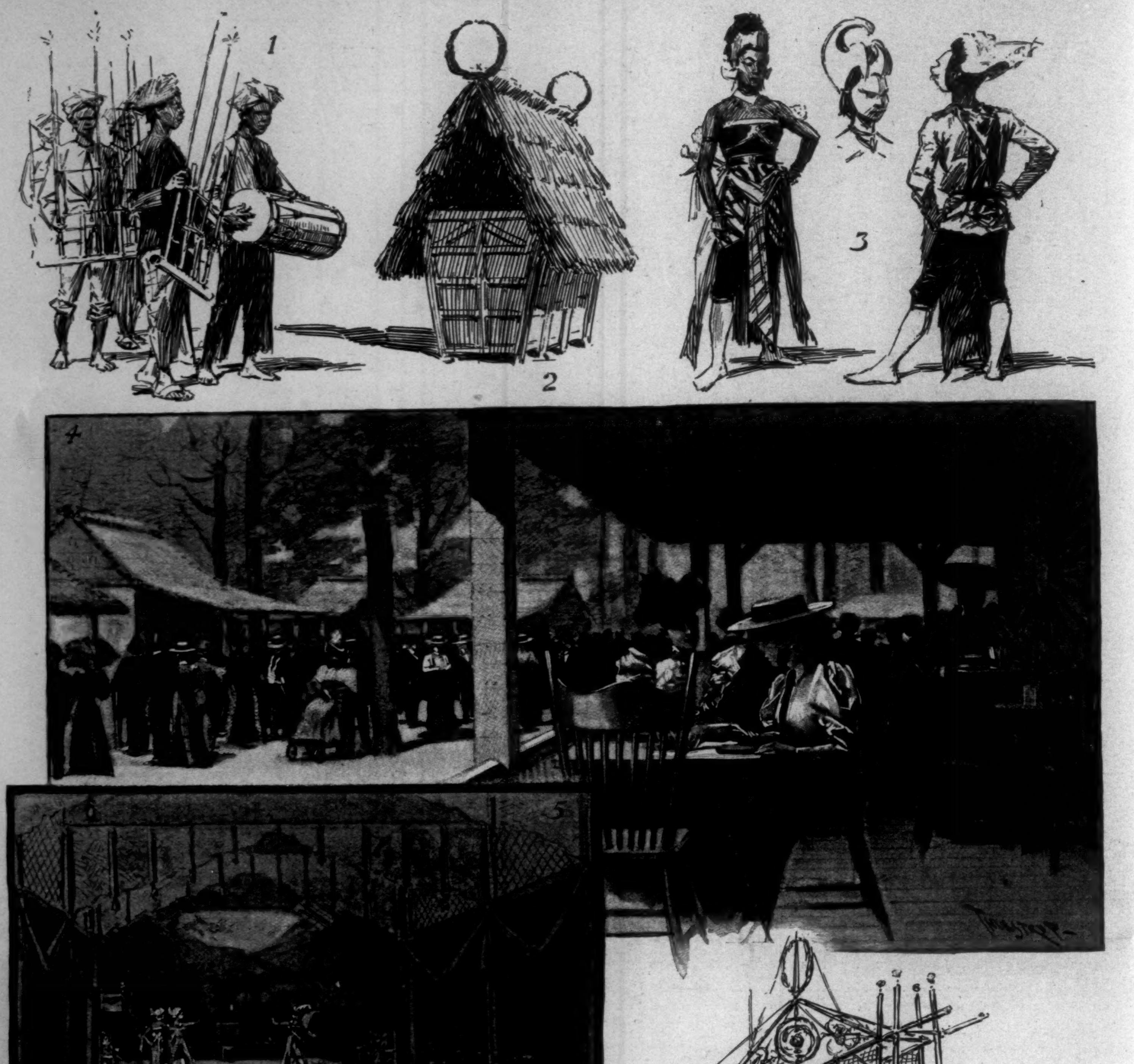
Percy Phelps sank back in his chair. "My head whirls," said he. "Your words have dazed me."

"The principal difficulty in your case," remarked Holmes in his didactic fashion, "lay in the fact of there being too much evidence. What was vital was overlaid and hidden by what was irrelevant. Of all the facts which were presented to us we had to pick just those which we deemed to be essential, and then piece them together in their order, so as to reconstruct this very remarkable chain of events. I had already begun to suspect Joseph, from the fact that you had intended to travel home with him that night, and that

(*Continued on page 1010.*)

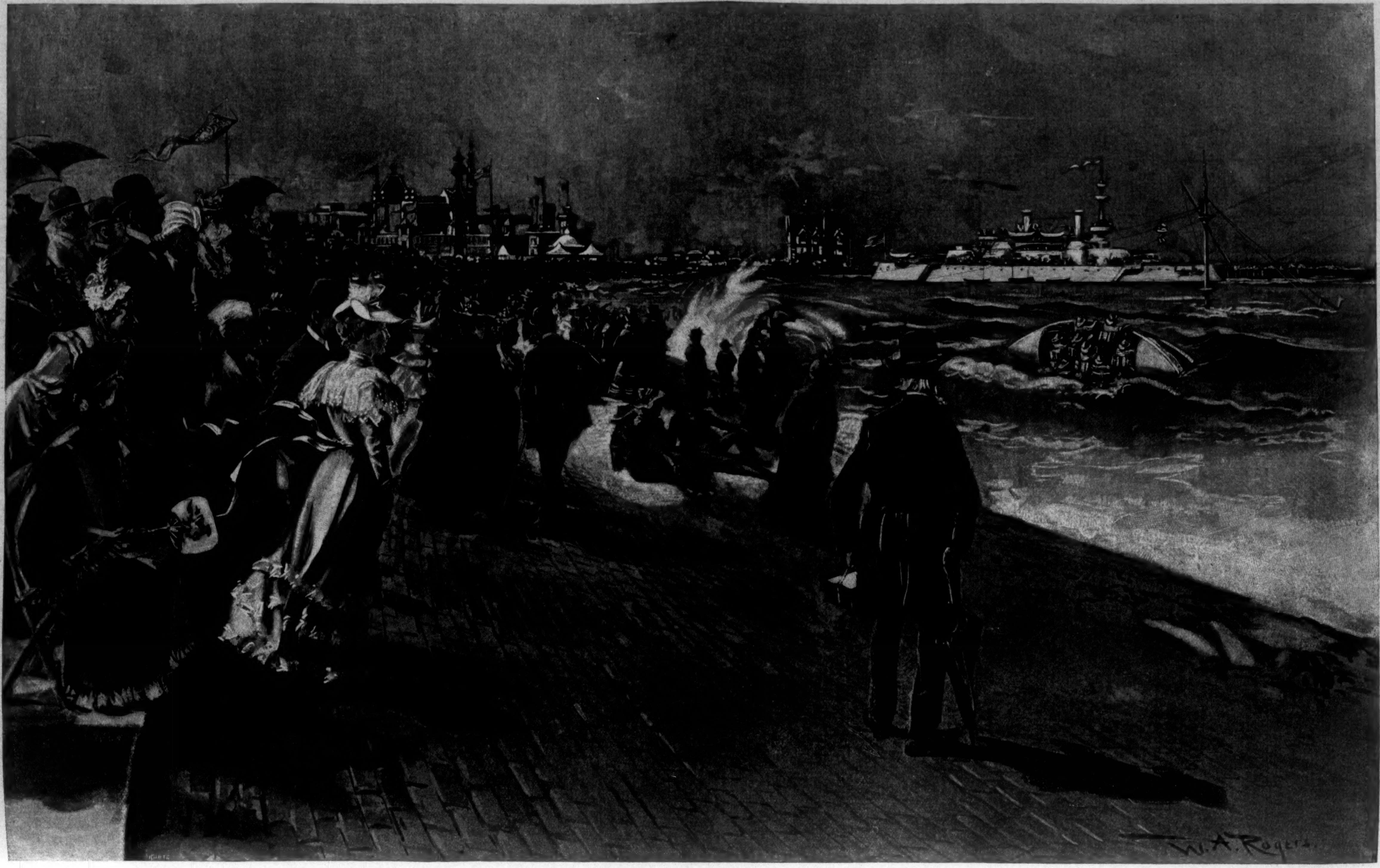


"PHELPS RAISED THE COVER."



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JAVANESE AND THEIR VILLAGE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 1011.]

1. Street Musicians. 2. Rice-house. 3. Theatrical Performers. 4. At the Café. 5. Interior of Theatre. 6. Making Straw Hats. 7. Embroidering. 8. Native Cart. 9. Entrance to the Village. 10. Policeman.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE DRILL OF THE LIFE-SAVING CREW.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 1010.]

(*Continued from page 1007.*)

therefore it was a likely enough thing that he should call for you—knowing the Foreign Office well—upon his way. When I heard that some one had been so anxious to get into the bedroom, in which no one but Joseph could have concealed anything—you told us in your narrative how you had turned Joseph out when you arrived with the doctor—my suspicions all changed to certainties, especially as the attempt was made on the first night upon which the nurse was absent, showing that the intruder was well acquainted with the ways of the house."

"How blind I have been!"

"The facts of the case as far as I have worked them out are these: This Joseph Harrison entered the office through the Charles Street door, and knowing his way he walked straight into your room the instant after you left it. Finding no one there he promptly rang the bell, and at the instant that he did so his eyes caught the paper upon the table. A glance showed him that chance had put in his way a state document of immense value, and in an instant he had thrust it into his pocket and was gone. A few minutes elapsed, as you remember, before the sleepy commissionnaire drew your attention to the bell, and those were just enough to give the thief time to make his escape.

"He made his way to Woking by the first train, and having examined his booty and assured himself that it really was of immense value, he had concealed it in what he thought was a very safe place, with the intention of taking it out again in a day or two and carrying it to the French Embassy, or wherever he thought that a long price was to be had. Then came your sudden return. He, without a moment's warning, was bundled out of his room, and from that time onwards there were always at least two of you there to prevent him from regaining his treasure. The situation to him must have been a maddening one. But at last he thought he saw his chance. He tried to steal in, but was baffled by your wakefulness. You may remember that you did not take your usual draught that night."

"I remember."

"I fancy that he had taken steps to make that draught efficacious, and that he quite relied upon your being unconscious. Of course I understood that he would repeat the attempt whenever it could be done with safety. Your leaving the room gave him the chance he wanted. I kept Miss Harrison in it all day so that he might not anticipate us. Then, having given him the idea that the coast was clear, I kept guard as I have described. I already knew that the papers were probably in the room, but I had no desire to rip up all the planking and skirting in search of them. I let him take them, therefore, from the hiding-place, and so saved myself an infinity of trouble. Is there any other point which I can make clear?"

"Why did he try the window on the first occasion?" I asked, "when he might have entered by the door?"

"In reaching the door he would have to pass seven bedrooms. On the other hand, he could get out onto the lawn with ease. Anything else?"

"You do not think," asked Phelps, "that he had any murderous intention. The knife was only meant as a tool?"

"It may be so," answered Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "I can only say for certain that Mr. Joseph Harrison is a gentleman to whose mercy I should be extremely unwilling to trust."

UNCLE SAM'S LIFE-SAVERS AT THE FAIR.

I SPENT the better part of a summer several years ago cruising about the Great South Bay with the captain of the life-saving station at Fire Island, who more than doubled the scanty pay he received for being a hero in the winter by sailing pleasure craft in the summer. And many an hour, when we were waiting for the tide to rise and float us off some inconvenient sand bank, on which my ill-directed efforts to handle the *Adeline* had landed us, or while drifting about becalmed on moonlight nights, he would raise my hair and set my blood tingling with his modest narration of the thrilling experiences which marked his daily and nightly routine of life during the stormy winters on the Long Island coast.

I learned there to have a very hearty respect for the gallant fellows to whose intrepid daring has been due so tremendous a saving of life and property, and the government could have made no more interesting or instructive exhibit at the World's Fair than the daily drills of the life-saving crews on the Lake Front. It is no excuse for niggardliness that services rendered are invaluable and beyond computation; and I hope that our inland folk will have gained a sufficient sense of the perils and hardships of the life-saver's life to make a public sentiment strong enough to induce Congress properly to take care of this branch of the government service. Certainly it is not too much to ask that these brave men should be permanently employed, instead of hired from season to season, and should be retired when incapacitated for further service, and that the family of every one of them who sacrifices his life in the performance of his duty should be placed on the pension rolls.

Rogers and I were in Chicago the day that the first exhibition drill was given, and went to see it. Interesting as it proved to be, it was a very tame representation of the real article. A spar had been planted out in the lake at some little distance from the shore, to represent the mast of a submerged vessel, and the passengers to be rescued, consisting of a member of the crew and a small boy in knickerbockers, were rowed out to it in a dingy. The sky was clear and the sun was hot, but the tail end of a lively breeze made quite a little surf on the beach.

When the shipwrecked mariners were placed safely on the cross-trees, the life-line gun was run out and fired in the direction of the castaways. The projectile carried with it a long line, which unreeled as the life-saving messenger sped toward its mark. It was so well aimed that it struck the water just beyond the spar, and the line fell upon the cross-trees, where it was at once seized by the man and the boy, who hauled it inboard. To the end of it was attached a stronger rope, which was made fast to the lonely mast, and by means of a lighter line they had soon hauled out a breeches-buoy, into which the lad in knickerbockers was quickly lifted by his magnanimous companion, and the gallant fellows ashore continued the work of rescue.

But whether the boy was heavier than they had calculated, or the mast was not high enough out of water, or the main rope was not stretched taut enough, or simply whether people who are being rescued from marine disaster are not supposed to mind getting their feet wet, I don't know, but the rope began to sag, and the boy began to get nervous and to pull up his feet as he dropped nearer and nearer the surface of the water, and the crowd began to laugh. Little by little the waves began to slap at him as they rolled past underneath to the shore. Now he drew his legs up and crossed them over the rope, and the rescue party ashore redoubled their efforts. But the attraction of gravitation was too much for them, and the boy's trajectory passed slowly and surely beneath the surface of the lake, and added a touch of comic realism to the situation which was greatly appreciated by the spectators, as well as by the dripping hero of the occasion.

Rogers had started to make a sketch of the drill, but became so interested in the non-professional aspects of the situation that he forgot to finish it. He went back a few days afterwards, but found the crew out in the self-bailing life-boat going through the capsize drill. Each member wears a life-preserver, and the oars are fastened to the boat to prevent their drifting away. A short way from shore they all climb upon one gunwale, and by a concerted effort capsize the boat, which floats bottom upward. Quickly clambering up and seizing the keel, they right the craft almost as readily as they upset it, nearly all the water running out in the operation, and then rapidly jumping in, they resume their seats, grasp their oars, and are off again on their supposed errand of rescue. In actual service the upsetting part is done by the breakers, and when the breakers don't come to time, the capsizing is usually omitted.

Rogers drew in the capsizing incident on his original sketch, and the drawing on page 1009 shows both the life-buoy and upset drill—though really they occur on different days—thereby obviating the necessity of drawing two pictures—on the same principle as that followed by the small boy who claimed credit for economy in putting butter and jam too on his bread, on the plea that the same piece of bread did for both.

H. G. PAINE.

NAMING OUR NEW CRUISERS.

WHILE a great deal of attention has been devoted to the building of the new United States Navy, one important point (important at least in Jack Tar's way of thinking) has been generally overlooked, and that is the naming of the new cruisers. The public may expend any amount of time in discussing the merits of imported plans, American *versus* English armor, this system of ventilation as compared with that, or it may enter into the nicest distinctions between the destructive effects of rapid-fire guns or torpedoes, but what does all this amount to if the ship has a bad name? The new vessel may have been built of plates rolled in Birmingham, Toulon, or Pittsburg, one system or the other of armor protection may have been adopted in her construction, she may have a single or triple expansion engine, or a dozen so far as Jack is concerned, but what do the six-inch letters on her bow and stern spell—a lucky or an unlucky name? That is the question which keeps the old-time salts awake at night.

Tucked away somewhere in the cranium of the typical old sailor is a deep-rooted superstition about lucky and unlucky ships. He had it when Columbus crossed the Atlantic four hundred years ago, and he has it now. Landlubbers may wonder how poor Jack is faring at sea during heavy storms, but give Jack a stanch ship with a good name, and he scuds merrily before the strongest gale, wondering "how them poor creeters on land" are standing it. More than one naval battle has been lost by the ship having a bad repute among seamen. The good or bad name of a ship exerts a powerful influence, not only in enlisting men, but on their efficiency in the heat of battle, and it was largely owing to this fact that the *Chesapeake* was captured by the *Shannon* June 1, 1813.

Such being the importance of giving the right name to war-ships, the naval administration of every country has always exercised great care in christening its cruisers. The first group of vessels in the service of the United States were named after well-known navigators, such as the *Columbus*, the *Cabot*, the *Andrea Doria*, and the *Alfred*, the last named after Alfred the Great, who was commonly regarded as the father of the royal navy. It was with these vessels that Captain Esek Hopkins made the first naval expedition in 1776, capturing the town of New Providence in the Bahamas, and sailing away with a large quantity of military stores, and having Governor Brown aboard as a prisoner. The second group of vessels added to the navy in the war of the Revolution was named after well-known political leaders, cities, and rivers, such as the *Washington*, the *Hancock*, the *Warren*, the *Trumbull*, the *Montgomery*, the *Randolph*, the *Boston*, the *Providence*, the *Virginia*, the *Delaware*, and the *Raleigh*. Several of the vessels of the Revolution were named in honor of France, such as the lucky *Alliance*, the *Confederacy*, the *Duc du Duras*, the *Duc de Lauzun*, and the *Queen of France*. Captain John Paul Jones's celebrated flag-ship the *Bonhomme Richard* was named after Benjamin Franklin, while the other vessels serving in European waters bore such names as the *Ranger*, the *Surprise*, and the *Revenge*. Several of these vessels were named after battles, such as the *Lexington* and the *Saratoga*.

About the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States the new vessels of the navy were named in commemoration of that historic document. They were the *Constitution*, the *United States*, the *Congress*, the *President*, and the *Constellation*, the last deriving its name from the starry field in the American flag, showing "a new constellation among the nations of the earth." These were the vessels that made the United States navy famous in its early days, and some of them, or rather their prototypes, are in existence to-day, the *Constitution* at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; the *Constellation* at New London; the *President* at London, England, while the names of the others have been preserved by naming modern ships after them. The *United States*, however, seems to have been overlooked in the naming of new ships, although she achieved one of the most creditable victories in naval history. After the war of 1812 several of the heavy liner battle-ships were named the *Columbus*, the *Franklin*, and the *Independence*, but as a rule this class of ships was named after States, such as the *North Carolina*, the *Vermont*, the *Ohio*, the *New Hampshire*, etc. The *New Orleans*, the *Chippewa*, and the *Plattsburg* were named after those battles. The frigates as a rule were named after cities and rivers, such as the *Potomac*, the *Raritan*, the *Susquehanna*, the *Mississippi*, the *Delaware*, the *Merrimac*, etc.

In several particulars the United States has not followed the example of European nations in the naming of cruisers. For example, it has not adopted the rule of naming its first-class ships after Presidents. The English, French, and Russian navies have named many of their best men-of-war after the rulers of those countries, but aside from a few vessels (which were of the smaller class as a rule, such as the *John Adams*, the *Jefferson*, and the *Madison*) the United States has not followed this example. It would be difficult to understand why some of the largest of the cruisers now being built for the United States should not bear such great names as the *Abraham Lincoln*, the *James A. Garfield*, the *Ulysses S. Grant*, the *Andrew Jackson*, etc. In 1834 Captain Jesse D. Elliott, one of the heroes of the battle of Lake Erie, aroused much indignation by having a wooden bust of President Jackson placed as a figure-head on the old frigate *Constitution*, at the same time placing the busts of Captains Hull, Bainbridge, and Stewart, who had been commanders of this favorite ship in three of her most celebrated actions, on her stern as ornaments. Jackson was represented in a dress suit of that time with a classical cloak thrown over his shoulders, gathered at the throat with a cord, and holding a manuscript in his right hand. The left hand was thrust in the breast of his voluminous waistcoat as if he was receiving a delegation of constituents from some outlying districts, and was desirous of impressing them with the immensity of his dignity. It was not long, however, before the enemies of Andrew Jackson endeavored to make political capital out of this seemingly harmless act of Captain Elliott, and a few days after the figure had been put in place the Whigs of Boston scattered handbills all over the city, of which the following is a literal copy·

> **FREEMAN AWAKE!**
>
> Or the *Constitution* will sink. It is a fact that the old "Glory President" has issued his special orders for a Colossean figure of his Royal self in Roman Costume to be placed as a figure head on Old Ironsides!!! Where is the spirit of '76? Where the brave *Tars* who fought and conquered in the glorious ship, where the Mechanics, and where the Bostonians who have rejoiced in her achievements? Will they see the Figure of a Land Lubber at her bows? No; let the cry be "All hands on deck," and save the ship by a timely remonstrance, expressing our indignation in a voice of thunder!
>
> Let us assemble in the "Cradle of Liberty," all hands up for the Constitution; let the figure head (if mortal man be worthy) be that of the brave Hull, the immortal Decatur, or the valiant Porter, and not that of a Tyrant. Let us not give up the Ship, but nail the flag of the Union at the mast head, and let her ride the mountain wave triumphant, with none aboard but the Sons of Liberty, all flesh and blood, having the hearts and souls of Freemen.
>
> *North-enders!* Shall this Boston-built ship be thus disgraced without remonstrance? Let this *Wooden God*, this Old Roman, building at the expense of 300 *dollars of the People's money*, be presented to the *office Holders* who glory in such worship, but for God's sake SAVE THE SHIP from this foul disgrace.
>
> A NORTH-ENDER.

This hostility to having a "landlubber's head" for the bow of the *Constitution* extended even among the sailors in port, and a few nights afterward a seaman named Dewey climbed up the ship's side, sawed off President Jackson's head, and carried it away in a bag, very much in the style in which the Gotairo's head is described as being carried off in that fascinating historical novel, *Mito Yashiki, A Tale of Old Japan*. Captain Elliott was exceedingly indignant at the treatment his figure-head had received, and he put on another head, fastened by a thick copper bolt, and it was allowed to remain in peace. The *Constitution*, however, was not the only frigate in the United States navy to have a figure-head of a President. The old frigate *President*, now in East India Dock, London, has the bust of John Adams, during whose administration she was built, for a figure-head. It would be hazardous to say whether this protest of the Whigs of Boston prevented any of the subsequent cruisers of the United States being named after Presidents, but the fact remains that first-rate ships have not, as a rule, been named after the rulers of the United States.

When the United States navy was engaged in suppressing piracy in the West Indies, 1819–1825, many small craft suited to the navigation of the shallow and difficult waters around those islands were built, and one division was appropriately styled "The Mosquito Fleet." The vessels were named the *Mosquito*, the *Gnat*, the *Midge*, the *Sandfly*, and the *Gallinipper*, insects with which their crews were destined to be exceedingly familiar. To this force was added a small squadron of schooners named the *Greyhound*, the *Jackal*, the *Fox*, the *Wildcat*, the *Beagle*, the *Ferret*, the *Weasel*, and the *Terrier*.

Although many of the cruisers of the United States navy have been named after distinguished citizens and military commanders, only a few of our war-vessels have been named after the naval commanders who have made the United States navy famous. Why our cruisers should be named after army officers and politicians in preference to naval commanders is hard to understand. England has named her mightiest war-vessels after her celebrated naval commanders. The *Nelson*, the *Collingwood*, the *Drake*, the *Rodney*, the *Howe*, and the *Anson* are names that have been given to the best of her modern war-vessels. Where are the great United States line-of-battle ships the *John Paul Jones*, the *Edward Preble*, the *Thomas Truxtun*, the *Isaac Hull*, the *Stephen Decatur*, the *William Bainbridge*, the *Oliver Hazard Perry*, the *Thomas Macdonough*, and the *Charles Stewart?* These names seem to have been entirely ignored in the naming of our new cruisers.

When the news of the heroic defence of the *Chesapeake* against the *Shannon* reached Washington, the Secretary of the Navy immediately sent an express to Lake Erie, ordering that one of the new brigs being built on that lake by Oliver Hazard Perry be named the *Lawrence*, in honor of the heroic defender of the *Chesapeake*. Two of the small vessels of Perry's squadron were named after heroic naval officers, the *Trippe* and the *Somers*. The *Lawrence* was but a little brig, 110 feet over all, and has long since passed out of the naval register, while the *Trippe* and *Somers* were unworthy vessels to bear such heroic names. In justice to the memory of those naval commanders who made the world resound with the fame of the navy of the United States, some of our best cruisers should bear their names.

During the civil war a new species of naval craft, the Monitor, sprang into existence, and being the distinctive production of American genius, Indian names were with great propriety given them. Another class of war-vessels peculiar in themselves were built for the river service, and they were named after the towns along the rivers in which they operated. These were the *Cincinnati*, the *Mound City*, the *Cairo*, the *Pittsburgh*, the *Carondelet*, etc.

There is one class of names, however, which the thorough-bred seaman is willing to have omitted from the naming of the new cruisers, and that is names of vessels captured from the enemy. There seems to have been a singular fatality about this class of ships. The *Retaliation*, the first vessel captured from the French in the war of 1798–1801, was re-captured by the French; the *Insurgent*, also taken from the French, went to sea shortly afterwards and was never heard from; the *Mastico*, or the *Intrepid*, taken from the Tripolitans, was shortly after blown up, all hands on board perishing; the new *Guerrière*, named after Captain Isaac Hull's prize, had seventeen men killed or wounded by the bursting of one of her guns on her first cruise; the *Frolic*, named after the *Wasp's* prize, was captured on her maiden cruise; the new *Java*, named after Captain Bainbridge's prize, in her first cruise proved herself to be an inferior ship; the *Peacock*, named after the *Hornet's* prize, was totally wrecked in the Columbia River, Oregon; the *Epervier*, also taken from the English in the war of 1812, foundered at sea in 1815, and all hands perished; the *Cyane*, captured by the *Constitution* in 1815, was wrecked; the new *Wasp*, named after the vessel that captured the *Frolic*, went to sea in 1814 and has never been heard from; while the original *Wasp*, captured by the British, left port in 1814, and she also has never been heard from. With such a record as this it is not strange that seamen have a strong prejudice against going to sea in a ship named after an enemy's ship. The lucky vessels in the early navy of the United States were the *Constellation*, the *Constitution*, the *Enterprise*, and the *Hornet;* while the unlucky vessels were the *President*, the *Congress*, and the *Chesapeake*. These vessels went into the war of 1812 with such characters, and they were singularly borne out by the actions of that war.

A MEMORY OF AN OLD WEST-POINT SONG.

Written for the Recent Reunion of the Class of '81 at Chicago.

A song we sung in old Plebe Camp
When first our gray was new—
In old Plebe Camp, on summer nights—
The song of Army Blue.

O'er camp and Highlands watched the stars,
That watched our far homes too,
And lonely voices joined full bold
In singing Army Blue.

(*Old Chorus.*)—"Army Blue, Army Blue,
We'll don the Army Blue;
We'll bid farewell to cadet gray,
And don the Army Blue."

Here's health to all who've sung that song—
To you, my boy, and you—
To all who've sung in old Plebe Camp
The song of Army Blue,

Those summer nights are long, long gone,
And years have vanished too;
Oh, long ago we doffed the gray,
And donned the Army Blue.

But still I hear that olden song,
I feel the evening dew,
And mellow strings and voices join
Again in Army Blue.

WILLISTON FISH.

THE JAVANESE VILLAGE.

It is rather a nice question at what time one ought to visit or to have visited the World's Fair. There was a time after the opening when the unpreparedness of many departments left the show evidently crude and incomplete. Then there has been another time when it showed too much of the unavoidable wear and tear of its enormous attendance. To have hit it at the precise period when it was complete without being worn was to enhance the pleasure of an experience that everybody declares to have been so entertaining and instructive, though visitors may differ as to just when the culmination occurred. But one thing it is quite safe to say, and that is that whoever missed the Javanese village missed one of the most alluring of all the side shows of the Midway, and the Javanese village was not open much before the 1st of July. When it was open, there were many visitors whom it so allured that they were unable to pass its wattled gates whenever they sought recreation from the severer studies of mining and electricity and liberal arts in the thoughtless gayeties of the Midway.

One of the most comic things connected with the Midway is that theoretically it also is a place for scientific investigation. In the catalogue it is set down as part of the department of "anthropology," and the wayfarer may console himself in the Oriental restaurants with the reflection that he is pursuing what the late Alexander Pope regarded as the proper study of mankind. It is really very soothing to consider that the camels and the donkeys and the Dahomey people and the Samoans and the Bedouins and the Egyptian girls are anthropology, besides being fun. But the Javanese really give one a sense of learning something. The village one perceives at once to be a transplantation of an actual section of "the most Eastern East," with all its indigenous manners and customs, of a land unsophisticated even by tourists, and, at a conservative estimate, not less than a hundred millions of miles from Chicago. Even the showman, as it were—the concessionnaire, in point of fact—does not disturb the illusion, being in aspect a truly tropical Dutchman in voluminous flannels and an umbrageous hat, and seeming to remind you of the Dutch East India Company and "Old Government" Java, which berry you may buy in cunningly plaited small baskets, and bear away with you for an aromatic memorial.

Perhaps that is, or was, the chief charm of the Javanese village, that the people do not seem to be got up for show purposes, but to be going tranquilly about their own daily business, as if they were at home. When you have seen the Javanese village you are quite sure that you have seen Java. Perhaps this sense was even more vivid before the village was opened to the general fair-going public, and when only the favored holders of special passes could stroll about it in the late June afternoons, and admire the pretty, gentle, copper-colored little people, who gave him a smiling welcome. The Javanese is a very gentle person. Even the wrinkled old Thug, who used to sit smoking upon his mat as if he had a curiously contorted knife secreted in his kilt for the assassination of the Chicago man, used to unbend when you bestowed tobacco upon him, and thank you with a genial grin that disarmed suspicion. Javanese men less misanthropical of aspect used in those early days to press Javanese cigarettes—mainly husk wrapper, with a feeble filler of insipid tobacco—upon the stranger within their gates, not commercially, but as an expression of hospitality. And the little brown matrons, with their little brown babies on their hips, and even the Javanese maidens, the most beautiful of little human creatures, had courtly bows and pleasant unaffrighted smiles for the visiting stranger.

The Javanese village is one of the largest of the concessions, and the enclosure within its fence of plaited straw must be measured in acres. Within there are the thatched cottages in which the villagers, something like a hundred and twenty in number, dwell, and the thatched bazars, open in front, in which they expose their native wares for sale. The villagers are to be seen everywhere, sitting at work or going about their affairs, with nothing to remind one of Europe except the material of their simple raiment, the Manchester prints that have pervaded the East. They, too, make textiles, as the bazars show, but their own products are too costly for their own common wear. The manufacture of straw they carry to great perfection. The double hats that are exposed for sale are as fine as the hats of Panama, and far more decorative in color and pattern. Their flutes, which are simply reeds decorated by means of a hot iron, are really musical instruments, and, indeed, the Javanese music is much "more condoling" than most of the Oriental orchestras that set the passer's teeth on edge in the Midway. There is a weird, tall, one-stringed fiddle, and an instrument resembling a zither, which the native virtuosi will discourse strains that are inoffensive if not eloquent, and there are several kinds of drums.

The theatre is a big, rather bare room, apparently of vernacular Javanese construction, with a spacious stage, and an orchestra at the back of it that gives incidental music as faithful to the color of the scene as you may hear at Peking or Baireuth. Scenery there is none, nor, indeed, any curtain, for the actors emerge from screens at the sides, and are reabsorbed in them. But the costuming is gorgeous, and the Javanese drama most curious and interesting. Its themes are those of the drama everywhere. There are the lovers and the obdurate parents and the villain and the low comedian—a performer of astonishing make-up and extravagant gesticulation. The peculiarity of the drama is that it is a pantomime, so far as the actors are concerned, and they have an elaborate Delsartean system of their own, which is both expressive and graceful. While they gesticulate and pose, the unseen prompter—as we should call him—reads aloud the text that they are illustrating and are imagined to be reciting, with a queer but not unpleasing effect. Altogether, the Javanese Village is one of the things that the visitor must see, and he is an unappreciative visitor who does not repeat his visit to this strange and charming place.

BARTLETT *VS.* MAYNARD.

Edward T. Bartlett, the Republican candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, was born at Skaneateles, Onondaga County, New York, in 1841. Mr. Bartlett is a great-grandson of Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and of the Articles of Confederation, and on his mother's side he is a direct descendant of Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, one of the signers of the Declaration.

Mr. Bartlett's father removed from Haverhill, New Hampshire, to Skaneateles in 1837. He was very prominent as a physician and surgeon in central New York, and practised his profession there for over fifty years, dying June 22, 1892. His son Edward received a classical education, studied law in his native town, and was admitted to the bar in October, 1862. He practised his profession in Onondaga County successfully until 1868, when he removed to the city of New York, where he has been actively engaged ever since. For many years he has been at the head of the firm of Bartlett, Wilson, & Hayden, 48 Wall Street. Mr. Bartlett has never held a political office. He was President of the Republican Club in the city of New York in 1888. He is a prominent member of that organization and also of the Union League Club.

He became a member of the Bar Association in April, 1870, served for six years on its committees of admissions, and was for one year its chairman. At the present time he is a member of its executive committee, and has the confidence and esteem of the members of that association. In 1891 he received the Republican nomination for Justice of the Supreme Court of the County of New York.

Mr. Bartlett possesses the qualities essential for a superior judicial officer. He has industry, the judicial habit of mind, and unquestioned integrity. He is a man of wide accomplishments, much beloved by his associates, genial in his manner, and dignified in his bearing. He possesses remarkable qualities as a debater and orator. His professional experience has been varied and satisfactory, bringing him in contact with the important members of the profession in difficult causes, and before all of our courts. Perhaps few men have had a more varied experience in the practice of their profession than Mr. Bartlett. He has been associated with such men as ex-Judge Porter, Luther R. Marsh, ex-Chancellor Williamson, ex-Chancellor Runyon, and A. Q. Keasby, of New Jersey; Austin Abbott, Albert Stickney, Daniel G. Rollins, Hamilton Odell, and others. He has had as antagonists such men as George Ticknor Curtis, Joseph H. Choate, William B. Hornblower, John E. Parsons, Wheeler H. Peckham, Lyman Tremain, Robert Sewell, Judge Edward Paterson, and others. He possesses in a remarkable degree those qualities which are ascribed to one of his kinsmen of great professional and public fame, of whom it is said, in the life of Jeremiah Mason, to whom he was often opposed, "Mr. Ichabod Bartlett was a man of remarkable adroitness in the management of a case—as quick as a flash of lightning in the movements of his mind whether to inflict or parry a blow"; and while this is a correct description of Mr. Bartlett at the bar, in his disposition of causes as referee and in matters of adjustment and settlement he has exhibited qualities which indicate most clearly that he would make an admirable judge. His practice has involved important questions in bankruptcy, railroad and patent law, wills, real estate, international law, and the whole range of commercial litigation.

THE STORM ON THE GULF COAST.

The low-lying lands and islands about the delta of the Mississippi have very frequently been visited and damaged by severe storms, and both the local history and tradition are colored by the tales of the sufferings of the people from unexpected perils which could not be escaped. But both history and romance have been eclipsed by the dread actualities of the storm which swept over that section on the night of Sunday, October 1st, and the morning of the next day. How many lives were lost, how much property was destroyed, will never be accurately known. Small settlements were wiped entirely out of existence, and larger ones practically so. At Chenière Caminada, a village where fishermen and their families to the number of 1800 lived in happiness and prosperity before the storm, not a house is left standing, and more than half of the entire population have perished. The greatest fatality took place here merely because there was the largest population. At Bayou Cook, where there was an Austrian colony, and wherever there was a camp in the strips of land about Barataria Bay, the loss of life has been proportionately as great as at Caminada. Along this coast in that storm there must have been 2000 lives lost. The coast which was the centre of the havoc is about sixty miles south of New Orleans.

Chenière Caminada, before the storm, was situated in and along a narrow point of land which juts into Caminada Bay, the western part being washed by the waters of Bay St. Honoré. The cabins and huts of the fishermen were located principally on the eastern side. A few miles eastward of the settlement is Grand Isle, the lower end of which is washed by Caminada Pass. A small point of land extending to the northward and western end of Grand Isle has, until this storm, always formed an excellent breakwater, and has protected the settlement from winds from the south. These topographical details are given so that the reader can understand the nature of the fatal deluge produced by the storm. That Sunday there was a high wind from the south, and the water from the Gulf was backed up through Caminada Bay and the numerous bayous contiguous thereto, and into Barataria Bay. From here the water was forced through Bay Batiste, over the marsh-lands, and into Adams Bay, and into the innumerable bodies of water thereabouts. This volume of water was fully five feet above the usual level, and the prairie-lands were submerged. This was alarming, but as the houses were built on stilts to guard against such conditions, no great damage would have been done had the wind not suddenly shifted and blown a fearful gale from the northeast. This gale blew the waters from the bayous and through the Caminada Pass. Here the outgoing rush of water was met by the sea, and a perfect wall of water raised. The water rose to a height of twenty feet, and swept everything before it.

A carpenter who was building a school-house at Chenière Caminada has told how he saved his life, and probably his experiences were somewhat similar to those who survived and those who perished. When he saw the storm approaching he took refuge in a house where some thirty people were huddled together in their fright. "I thought the house was insecure," he said, "and concluded to seek another refuge. On account of the wind I could not open the door, so I climbed to the roof. Here I realized that the house was going to pieces, so I threw myself into the water, and swam a little while, until I saw a light. It was in a house, and to this I was admitted. I took a ten minutes' rest here, and then went into the water again, as the roof was blown off. This time a companion escaped with me, and we climbed into a tree. Hearing a cry, we went below and helped a young girl into the tree. Here we staid for five hours, and until daylight, when the water had very much subsided. In both the houses the scenes were dreadful. Men and women were panic-stricken, and cried in piteous tones for God to save them. The women often prayed that God might take them but spare their children."

The whole of this paper might be filled with records like that just quoted. When the storm was over and the waters had subsided, there were dead bodies of men, women, and children strewn in every direction, lying stark upon the beach, half concealed in the marsh grass, floating upon the water. For many days after the storm the survivors suffered most dreadful hardships from exposure, from lack of food, and most of all from a scarcity of fresh water to drink. The people from New Orleans and other parts of Louisiana have gone to their relief and have sent supplies, but it will be a long time before they will be self-supporting again. The people of these islands and peninsulas lived by fishing. Their boats and tackle as well as their houses were destroyed, and they cannot at once resume their ordinary occupations.

Grand Isle is the best-known watering-place on the Gulf. It was at first supposed that it had been entirely devastated, practically washed away, as Last Island was some thirty years ago. Serious damage was done, and there was some loss of life, but, on the whole, Grand Isle stood the storm remarkably well. The boats that plied between Grand Isle and New Orleans were wrecked. The quarantine station and disinfecting plant on Chaudeleur Islands were entirely wrecked, and a temporary quarantine station has been set up at Ship Island. At Biloxi, Mississippi, the damage was very great, notwithstanding the fact that the town is twenty feet above the level of the sea. All the docks, boat-houses, and bath-houses were destroyed.

In the places where the havoc was most furious there were not survivors enough to bury the dead, and when assistance arrived the best that then could be done was to put the bodies, coffinless, in trenches and cover them up. Never before has calamity struck this section with so hard a hand. The property loss is very great, but one does not hear of that at this time. The grief for the loss of life and the present sufferings of the survivors are too great for pause to count other kinds of cost. New Orleans will do all that her people can do to relieve present distress without asking aid from outside. But it is not thought that New Orleans will have to ask. Any assistance, however, that is sent to the Mayor will be gratefully accepted. The photographs from which the illustrations in this paper were made were taken by A. C. Freitag, of New Orleans.

BY THE SEA.

Winds at play in the singing spaces–
Sunlit spaces, low lengths of sand;
Lap and hiss of the wave that races
To break and die on the creamy strand.

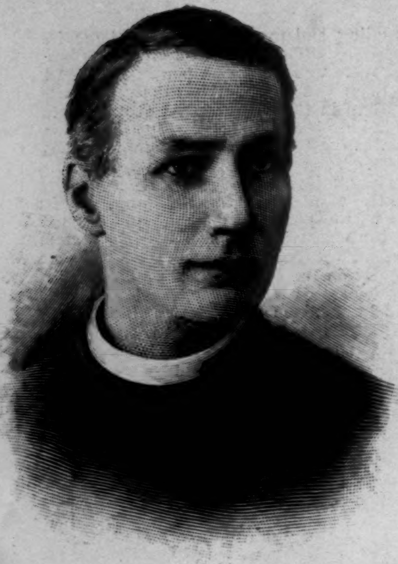
Soft heavens, blue as the depth of distance,
Strong sea swelling in foamy green;
Far white sails and the spray's insistence,
And the glint of a sea-bird's wing between.

Winds that play in the singing spaces,
Blow ye not burden of balm to me?
Lapping wave, do yon frolic races
No flotsam bear from the heaving sea?

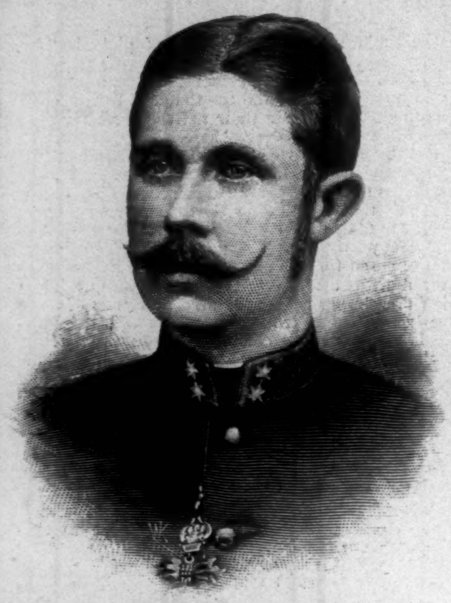
Far—so far—from the depth of distance
My fair ship sails o'er yon foaming green;
And the stars shall pale at my sail's insistence
Till my ship comes sailing—sailing in.

She will touch and go—for the time of roses
Went by in watching—ah, woe is me!
One hail, then straight through the even closes
Her prow shall press for the silent sea.

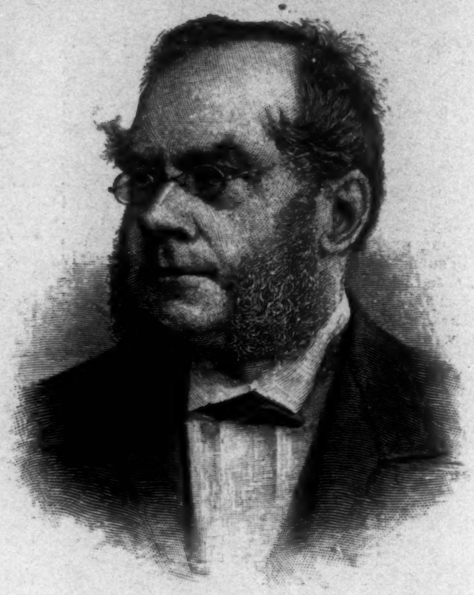
MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.



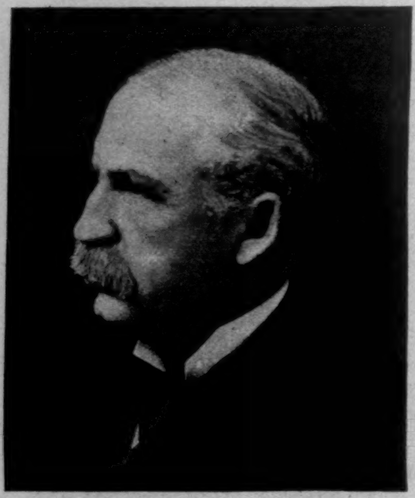
BISHOP ARTHUR HALL, OF VERMONT.—[See Page 1014.]



THE CROWN-PRINCE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.



THE LATE DR. WILLIAM SMITH.—[See Page 1003.]

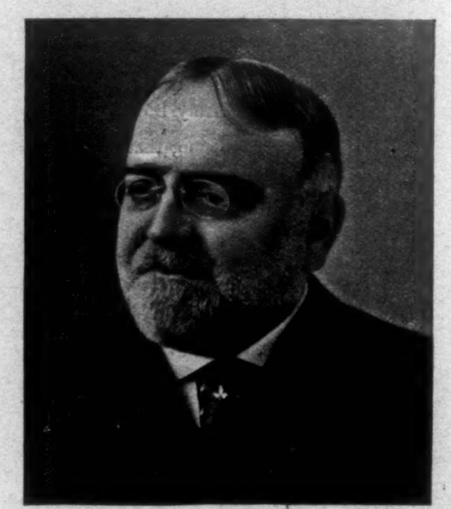


ISAAC H. MAYNARD.—[See Page 998.]

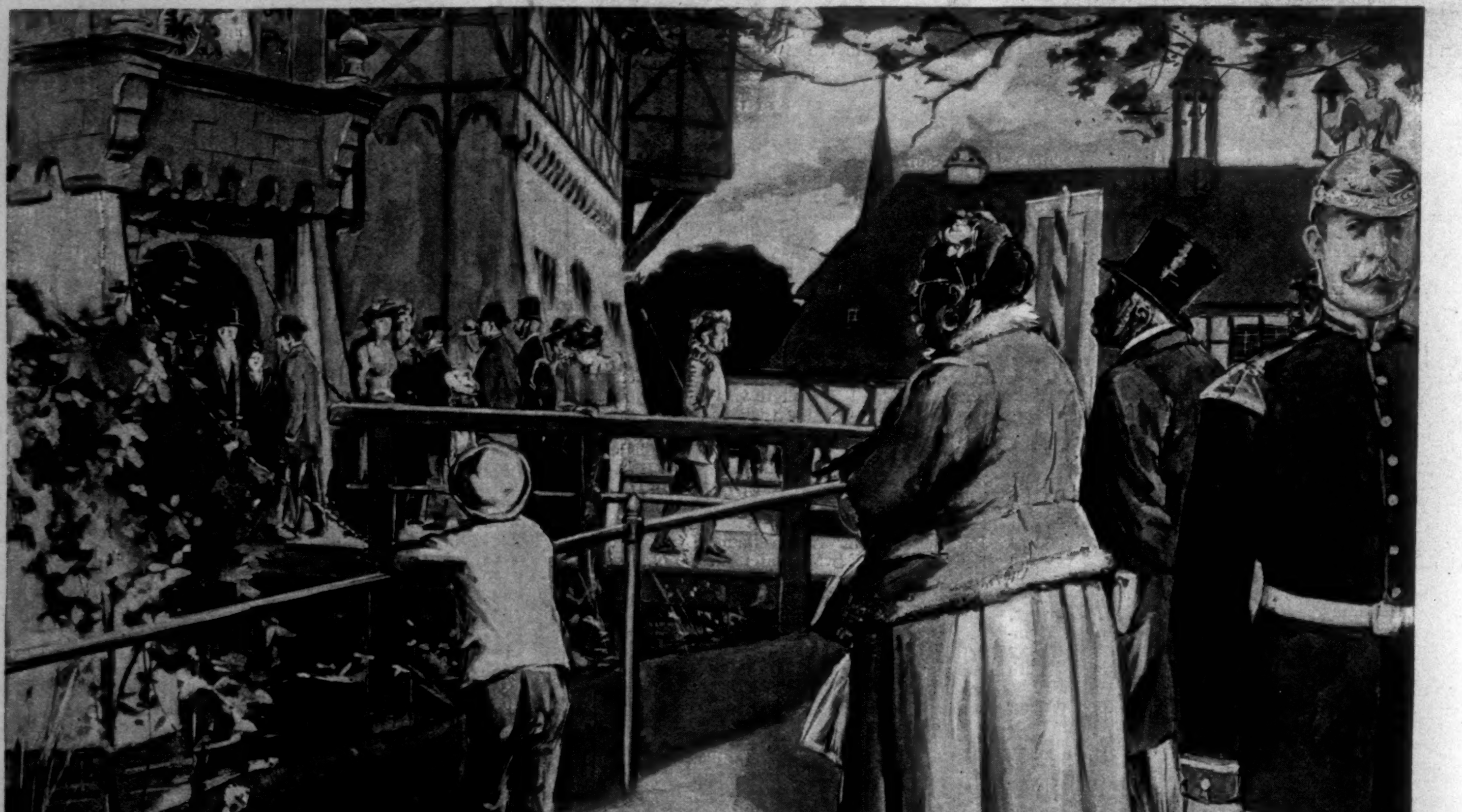
THE HEIR TO THE AUSTRIAN THRONE.

This young prince is now thirty years old, and is the eldest son of Karl Ludwig, the second brother of Emperor Francis Joseph I. His mother is Maria Annunziata, the daughter of King Ferdinand II. of Sicily. His title of Duke of Este comes from the fact that he was the sole heir to the rich estate of his uncle the Duke of Modena. According to a clause in the will of his uncle, this estate, if he succeeds to the Austrian crown, will revert to the younger brother, Otto, who is a jovial blade, much better known and better liked in Austria than the present duke. It is thought that the succession of Franz Ferdinand may in some degree affect the strong alliance between Germany and Austria, as he is supposed to inherit from his father Russian proclivities. But as the young prince is not probably of very strong will, it is as likely as not that he will not interfere very seriously in state affairs.

The Duke of Este, the heir-presumptive to the throne of Austria-Hungary, has been taking a tour around the world. He entered the United States at San Francisco, visited the fair at Chicago, and came through to New York, travelling always incognito. He spent only parts of two days in New York; and if he found anything in the New World to awaken his interest, he went away without taking the trouble to tell about it. His desire to be let alone was respected even by the newspapers, and he received no one in America save the Austrian consuls and the members of the Austrian legation.

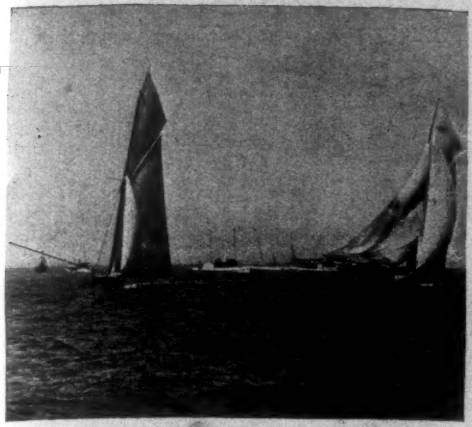


EDWARD T. BARTLETT.—[See Page 1011.]

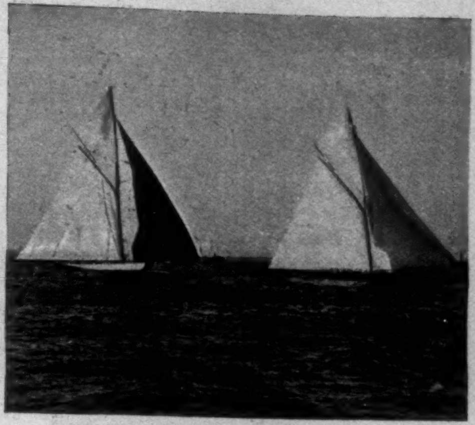


COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISITS THE GERMAN VILLAGE.

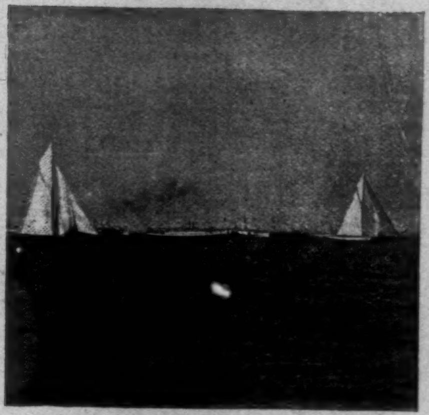
MR. JOHNSON. "Now dis yere's a castle on de Rhine, lak Lucy spoke at de litery."
MRS. JOHNSON (*pointing at the moat*). "Wal, 'peahs lak de Rhine a pow'ful leetle stream, ef dat's a copy."


Valkyrie.
Vigilant.

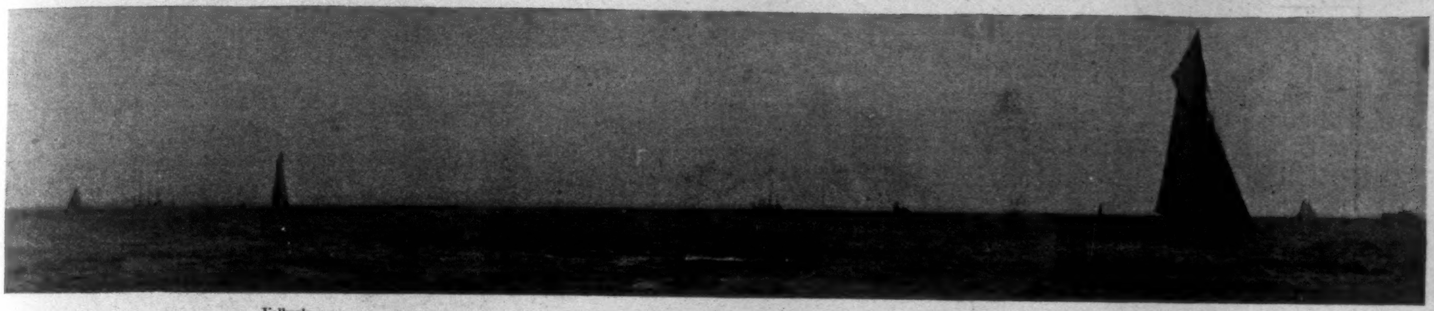
OCTOBER 7TH—MANŒUVRING FOR THE START.


Vigilant.
Valkyrie.

OCTOBER 7TH—SHORTLY AFTER THE START.


Valkyrie.
Vigilant.

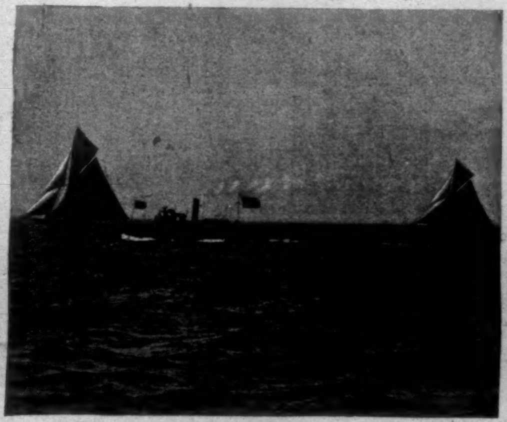
OCTOBER 7TH—45 MINUTES AFTER THE START.


Valkyrie.
Vigilant.

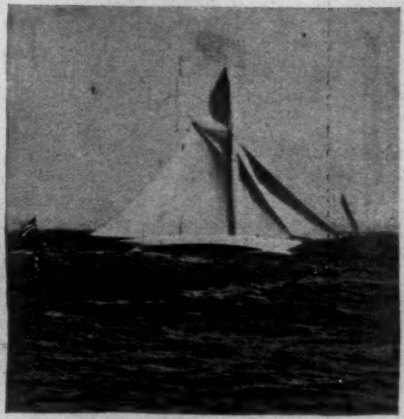
OCTOBER 7TH—THE FINISH—VIGILANT WINNING—VALKYRIE ASTERN.

Lightship.
Vigilant.
Valkyrie.
May.

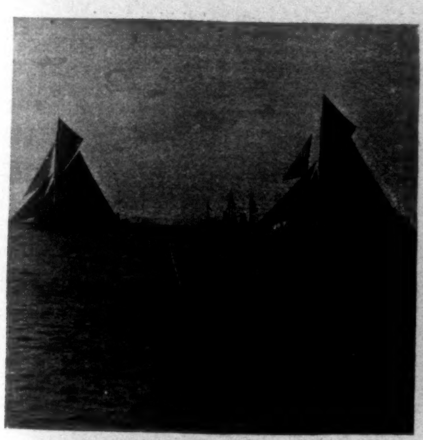
OCTOBER 9TH—THE START.


Valkyrie.
Vigilant.

OCTOBER 9TH—20 MINUTES AFTER THE START.


Vigilant.
Valkyrie.

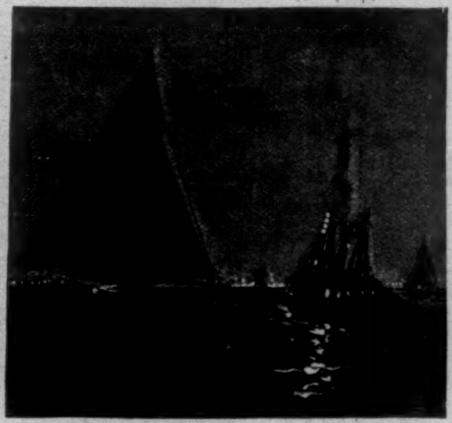
OCTOBER 9TH—ROUNDING FIRST MARK.


Valkyrie.
Vigilant.

OCTOBER 11TH—THE START.

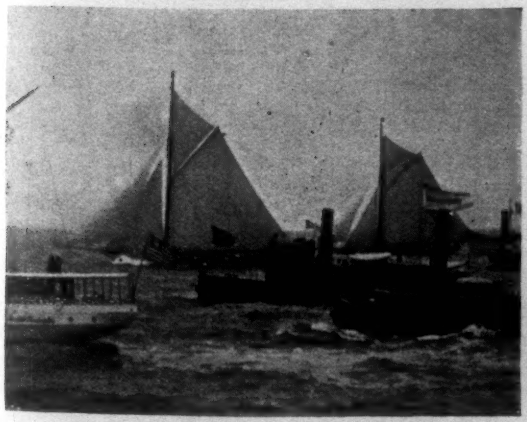
Valkyrie.
Vigilant.

OCTOBER 11TH—3.35 P.M., VALKYRIE LEADING.

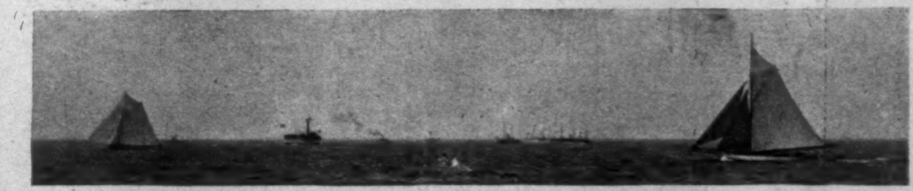

Vigilant.
Valkyrie.

OCTOBER 11TH—VIGILANT AROUND THE MARK.

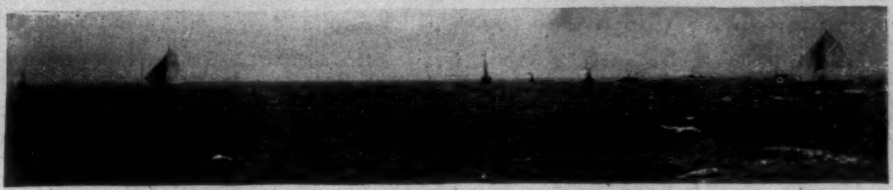
(The race of October 11th was not finished within the time limit. Vigilant rounded the mark 6 m. 55 s. ahead of Valkyrie.)


Vigilant to leeward.
Valkyrie.

OCTOBER 13TH—THE START.

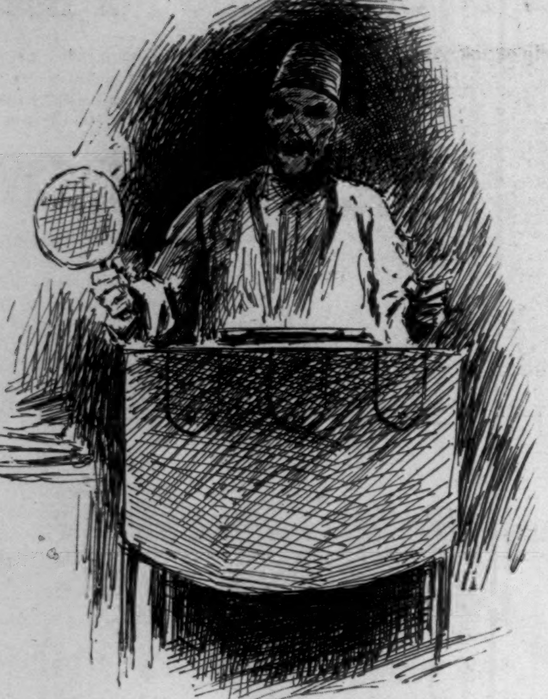

Valkyrie.
Vigilant.

OCTOBER 13TH—FIVE MINUTES AFTER ROUNDING THE OUTER MARK.

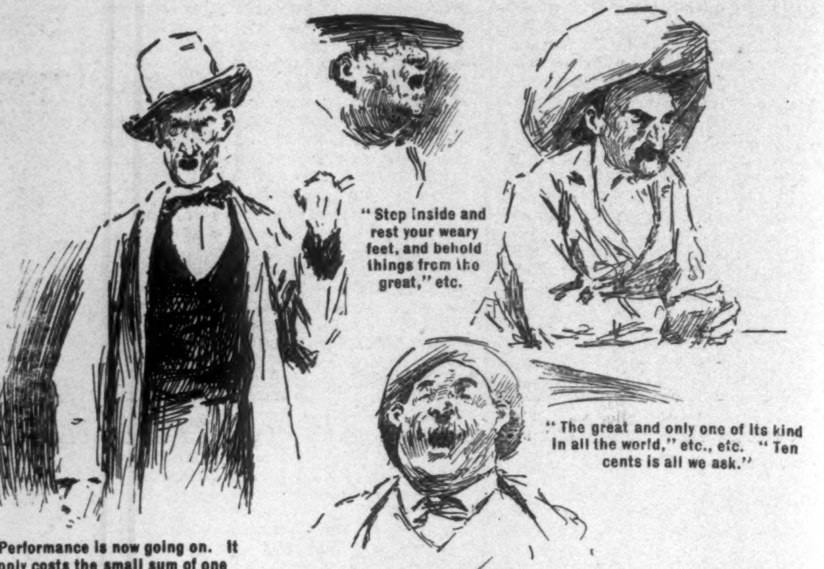

Lightship.
Vigilant.
May.
Valkyrie.

OCTOBER 13TH—THE FINISH.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]



"Good! good! good! Hot! hot! hot!"

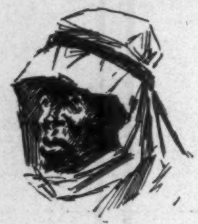


"Step inside and rest your weary feet, and behold things from the great," etc.

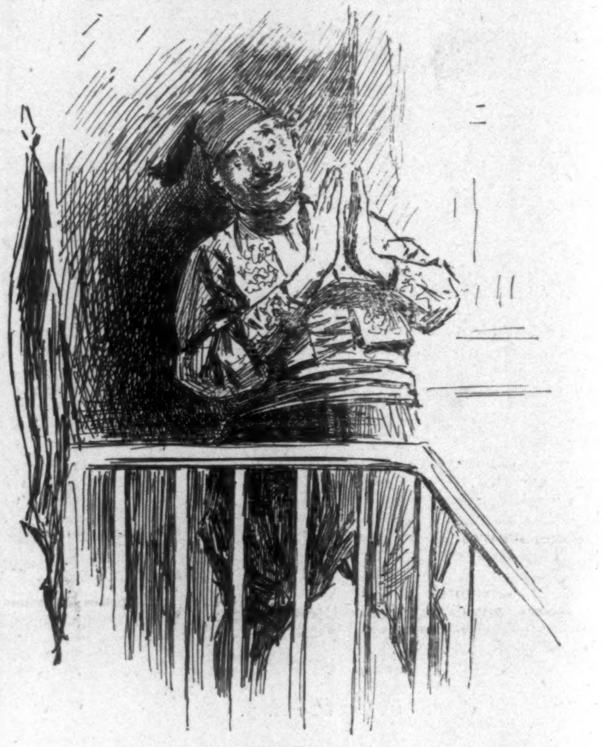
"The great and only one of its kind in all the world," etc., etc. "Ten cents is all we ask."

"Performance is now going on. It only costs the small sum of one quarter of a dollar."

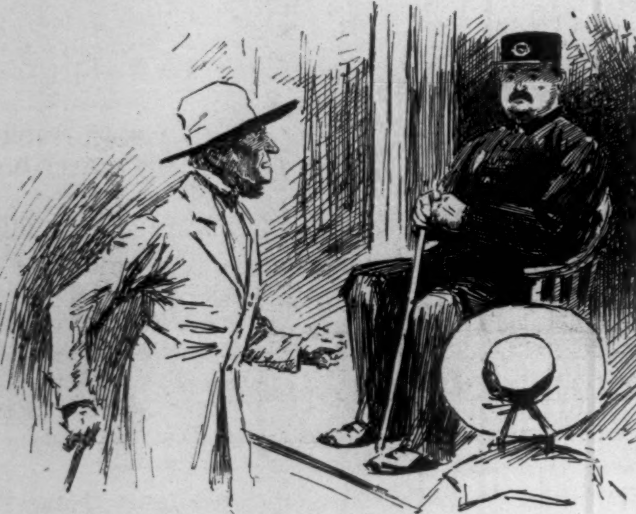
"Ten cents to-day; remember, ten cents to-day."



At the Bedouin Camp.

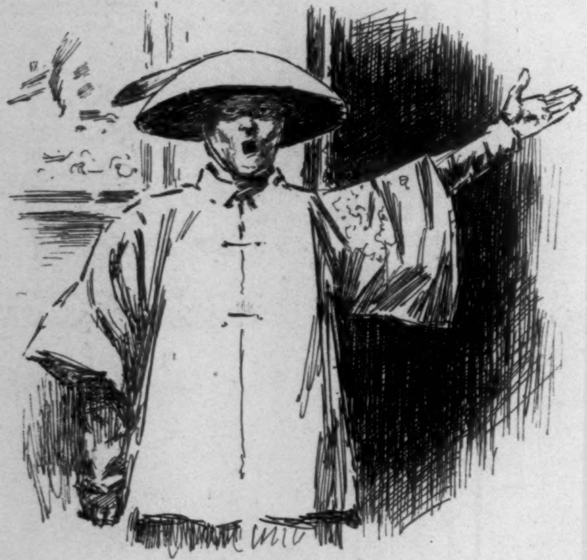


"Come and see de Turkish dancing-girl. No imitation. Genuine Turkish girl."

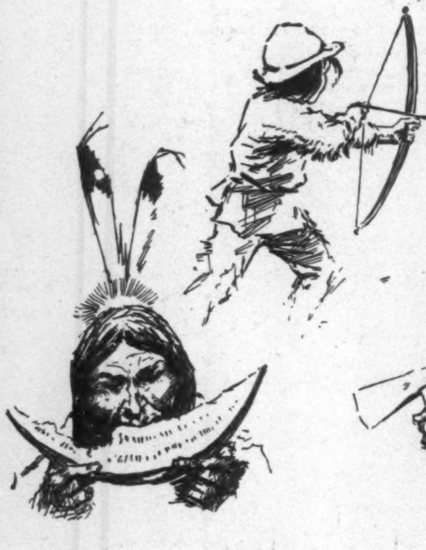


"Can't ye answer a civil question?"

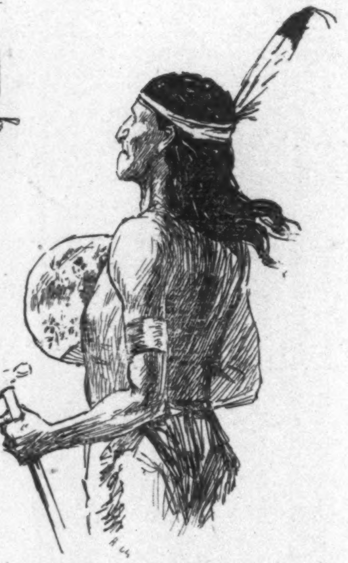
The wax policeman.



At the Chinese theatre.



Sketches in the Indian village.



Old chief Crazy Horse.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SKETCHES IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

THE BISHOP OF VERMONT.

Father Hall's election to the Bishopric of Vermont is a matter of considerable interest, not only to Churchmen in particular, but to the Christian world in general. In itself it calls for attention. We believe that it is the first time in the history of the Protestant Episcopal Church that an Englishman has been called to the office of Bishop, and in this case not from the ranks of the parish clergy or university divines, but from a society of fathers, living a community life, bound together by the monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and engaged in the common work of holding retreats and conducting missions. We naturally ask what causes have been at work to bring about so unusual a choice. The answer is found in Father Hall's history. It is said, we know not with what truth, that he, like Cardinal Newman and other men of an advanced type of Church thought, was brought up under the influence of the Evangelical school. If this be so, he soon came out of it; for at eighteen, on leaving Brighton College, where he received his early education, he went to Cowley, the home of the fathers, in preference to joining some one of the Oxford colleges. As Cowley is a suburb of the university city, it was easy for him to obtain all its intellectual advantages, which at that time, with Pusey, Liddon, Bright, and King as teachers, were exceptional, without running the risk of sacrificing the religious enthusiasm with which he must then have been imbued. After graduating, it was possible for him to think of joining the order. Full membership, however, is only secured after a special preparation of at least two years, during which the candidate has ample opportunity of judging how far he is ready to embrace its hard discipline and to take its lifelong vows. In due time the Oxford student was professed and became a Cowley father. Shortly after this he was sent out to Boston to help Father Grafton, now the Bishop of Fond du Lac, in establishing the American branch of the order. For some reason or other it has not found America a congenial soil. Throughout its twenty years' existence amongst us it has had a checkered life. Perhaps its new departure may have had something to do with the difficulties which have marked its career. In England the order has lived a more distinctively monastic and retired life. Here, from the outset, it has been immersed in parish concerns.

For eighteen years he lived the life of a parish priest, and on Father Grafton's leaving the society, he became head, or, to use a somewhat ambitious term, Provincial, of the American branch. Though he did valuable work throughout the States in missions and retreats, his presence was most felt in Boston. The little church of St. John the Evangelist became widely popular. The congregation was not kept together by the usual parochial organizations, of which there were few, but by the father's sermons. His attractive manner, English accent, and intellectual ability were able to deepen the interest which was excited by the novelty of hearing what the world called an English monk. The work grew and prospered. Men of all creeds and no creed were drawn to hear one who had sympathy with all. Admirers became willing disciples. The afternoon Bible class was thronged by well-dressed women carrying bags containing the Revised Version, to which the father was very partial.

It was inevitable that the constant endeavors to meet Unitarian difficulties should broaden the teacher's Oxford tone of thought. There were critics, however, who felt seriously what Bishop King is said to have playfully expressed about Mr. Gore's essay in *Lux Mundi*—"In nursing the fever, he caught it." There is, however, no trace of this in the many little tracts and devotional books Father Hall has published. But the contact with New England thought had another consequence of a more immediately interesting character. It was impossible that the great Boston preacher and the Cowley Father could remain indifferent to each other's work. Though widely different in theological thought, there was common work, and, if we may trust report, common early experience of evangelical truth to bring them together, and perhaps each thought that he could help the other to a more catholic way of thinking. It is no disparagement to the character of Father Hall to say that he felt the influence of Phillips Brooks. We might rather ask, "Who that has known him has not?" In any case, men said they saw signs of it. It was significant that the Diocese of Massachusetts should elect him first on the Standing Committee, and then send him as one of its representatives to the General Convention. There it was observed with surprise, not unmixed with amusement, that the apostle of Broad Church thought and the Oxford ascetic voted "aye" and "nay" together on what were supposed to be party questions. After this, little surprise was expressed when, on the death of Bishop Paddock, Father Hall was found to be supporting the election of the great preacher. Before this took place, however, Father Page, the Superior of the order in England, had determined to recall his Provincial.

During eighteen years the order had made little or no progress in the United States. The party from whence candidates might have been expected were shy of the attitude assumed by Father Hall. It seemed clear to the Superior that if the interests of the order were paramount, some new head of the American branch must be found. There was no impeachment of the father's orthodoxy in his withdrawal. This is clearly seen by the fact that he was at once intrusted, on arriving in England, with the conduct of retreats and missions and with sermons at well-known places, notably St. Paul's Cathedral, where, it is said, great care is taken in the selection of preachers. Nor was it immediately in consequence of the part he took in the election of Bishop Brooks. We have good authority for saying that it was decided upon before the death of Bishop Paddock. This, however, was not generally known, nor would it have been believed in the heat of the storm which arose when Boston learned that one of its popular preachers was to be withdrawn.

Enough has been said to justify what we have called an unusual election. Father Hall's many and varied gifts, his large experience with men, his fondness for and sympathy with American life, of which his naturalization is an outward expression, all these were more than enough to counterbalance any feeling that might arise from his membership in an English monastic order. As the call has been accepted, nothing now remains but its confirmation by the bishops and standing committees, and of this there is little doubt. Father Hall's consecration will place in the religious field one who will, we believe, have no small part in the determination of its great questions.

ONCHYOPHAGY.

"ONCHYOPHAGY" is a very recent instance of the power of the medical arm to Hellenize things into disrepute. It is the invention of a French doctor who has observed that when school-girls bite their nails they are in need of professional attendance. The system is run down or overwrought, the child suffers from excessive study, or from the excitements of scholastic life, the nerve centres are disarranged, morbid habits gain the ascendency, and after wildly nibbling at slate-pencils for relief, the little victim sets its teeth into its nails. The last stage has been reached—onchyophagy has set in. Out of two hundred girls in one *pension* visited by our author sixty were onchyophagists—a most alarming proportion, in which there is only this consolation to be found, that when the onchyophagists lost their tempers they couldn't scratch each other's pretty eyes out.

This is what it is to live and learn. Most of us, while still at that impressionable age when, like Ulysses, we are a part of all that we have met—in a physical sense—most of us have bitten our nails. Could we recall what morbid stimulus it was that drove us to the rash act we might even trace its sequelæ in certain not less morbid acts of our adult life. Is twiddling the watch-chain an indication of incomplete explosions in our brain cells? Those gesticulatory eye-glasses which wave in our parlors, are they a warning of lesions in Broca's convolution—may they even be a form of aphasia? And if these habits have supervened upon the cessation, under stress, of the habit of onchyophagy, ought not they also to have Greek names and go into the dictionaries? Nay, indeed, to return to the diseases of childhood, what are we to say of the whittling habit, and the scribbling-on-the-wall habit, and the devil's tattoo habit, and the whistling habit, and the—well, the capito-fricative habit, if you want a scientific term. Why are they not morbid? Some ninety per cent. of our children are subject to them.

These remarks may be deemed sarcastic. But when you remember the days in which there was an onchyophagist whose face you can still recall, whom you can still see bending down to her slate on a winter's morning, her shawl over her shoulders, her hair in her eyes, her buttoned boots crossed under her desk, her gathered brow striving by main force to collect the scattered fractions of her sum, her slate-pencil creaking, and her small hand up again oblivious at her lips—when that picture of sweet, wholesome, undissected childhood rises once more before you, or when you see it, at your knee, in a younger copy of your girlish ideal of the long ago, it is surprising; but you cannot feel altogether gratified to be told by a fool of a doctor that your girlish ideal or your daughter, as the case may be, was or is suffering from a form of chorea that is the implication from this portentous term; whereas, it used to be thought that the objection to onchyophagy was that it was bad for the nails.

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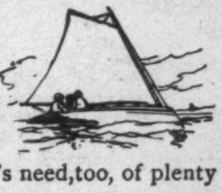

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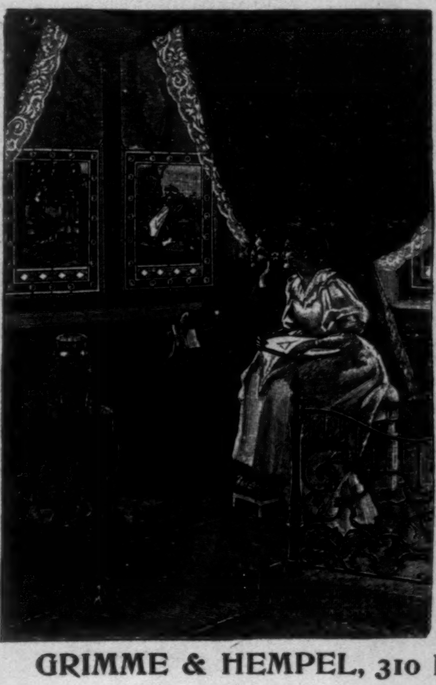

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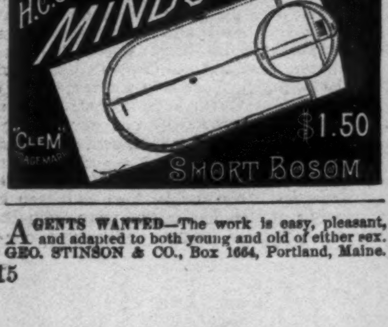

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A LEADVILLE VIEW OF THE WAGES QUESTION IN COLORADO.

I AM *not* going to discuss the silver question in any of its bearings; neither am I going to defend any miner who refuses to work for fifty cents a day less than he has been in the habit of receiving; nor will I attempt any defence of the smelterman who would not continue working when his pay was reduced ten per cent. But I am going to give you some facts in relation to the city of Leadville, and also in relation to the business of mining and smelting, of which a continuous residence of more than fourteen years in Leadville has given me some knowledge.

To begin with, the town, as almost every one knows, is elevated two miles nearer the sky than New York. It is in a region of almost perpetual snow. It is a fact that during my fourteen years' residence in Leadville *there has not been a single day but I have*, or could have, *seen snow*. As I write this, I can look out of my window across the Arkansas Valley to Mount Massine in the west, upon whose rugged sides and in whose deep cañons are immense banks of snow and ice that have lain there since the upheaval, supplemented by snow that fell last night.

Most people in the United States have heard of Leadville, and have heard of the utter barrenness of the place—not a green tree or shrub anywhere in or near the town. No difference, so far as vegetation is concerned, between July and January. Very few among the people of Leadville ever contemplated making this their home; the sole idea has been to make some money, then go somewhere else to live. I have heard tourists passing through here on their way to California and thousands of others say they would not "live in Leadville a year for all the gold and silver in her mines." High freight rates, high rents, and high rates of interest have made it necessary for merchants to ask high prices for goods, and the laboring man to obtain high wages, or else it would cost him all he earned to live, and I have frequently heard miners say, "If one has got to work hard to just barely live, it would be better to go back to God's country, where there is at least something worth living for." If, then, it is an undesirable place of residence for people who work aboveground, how much more so must it be for those who work below! In a country where rheumatism and pneumonia are the most common diseases among all classes, it follows naturally that it is more prevalent among those who work away down underground in some wet shaft or drift. But sickness is the least of a miner's fears. There is the ever-present dread of an accident; a misstep, and fall of hundreds of feet; a careless move of some one on top, and let a timber or a bucket of ore fall on those beneath; a cave-in in the mine, burying all below under piles of earth and rock, or, worse fate yet, imprisoning them in some slope or drift to slowly die of suffocation or starvation. This latter accident happened not many years ago, and when it was found that it would take weeks and even months to dig the men out, they were of necessity left to their fate, and now rest in a grave three hundred feet deep.

Accidents by the premature discharge of giant-powder are most common, and many a man mourns the loss of a leg or arm, or his eyes, or both eyes and arms, in the mines of Leadville, while many more have lost their lives, being in some cases utterly destroyed, not a finger, not a shred of their clothing ever found. The deadly snowslide annually claims its victims. I knew a man here who was caught in a slide, and carried on—on—thousands of feet to the bottom of a deep ravine or gulch, with thousands upon thousands of tons of snow and rocks and earth and trees covering him. As early as possible in the spring his two brothers commenced searching for his remains; they worked long and faithfully, and away into August found him, and brought his body into town, encased still in the snow that had been his shroud, and looking as natural and lifelike as the moment he took the fearful plunge. Old residents here speak to-day of the "Homestake disaster."

Nine men were working a mine on lease a few miles from town and living in a cabin near, when one evening, after their work was done, an immense snowslide started away up on the mountain, gathering force as it went, till it reached the cabin where the nine men were, sweeping over it, crushing its timbers into kindling-wood, and crushing the life out of the unfortunate men. It was two months before any search was made for them; then a friend of one of the men thought he would go up and see how they were getting along. He reached the place where the cabin should have been, and found only a waste of snow. Returning to town he gave the alarm, and a large party started to the rescue. After great difficulty the party reached the place and excavated the cabin. Under its gravel roof and timbers the men were found, some of them in their bunks, some with book or paper in hand, and one man at the table with a letter partly written to his sweetheart before him, in which he said that the winter would soon pass, and in the early spring he would return to claim fulfilment of a promise made to him three years before. The pen was still in his crushed fingers, and the date of the letter showed that he had been two months dead. The bodies were brought to town, and miners and merchants, mechanics and gamblers, all classes and all people, gave money towards the expense of the most impressive funeral I ever witnessed. They were buried in one lot, and an elegant monument erected above their resting-place telling how they met their death.

Is it possible to pay men too much wages who daily and hourly face the probability of a sudden and violent death? Is it possible for one to make money too fast in a country where graves, men's sizes, are kept dug in stock, just as a furnishing-goods store carries men's gloves in stock, with the certainty that if there is no call for them to-day trade will be good to-morrow?

The men working in smelters are even worse off than miners, for, in addition to dangers peculiar to their calling, it is the most unhealthy business in the world, lead-poisoning being an every-day occurrence and a dreaded source of danger.

J. D. THOMAS,
Leadville, Colorado.

AN IMPOSING FUNCTION.

THE primate of the American Episcopal Church enthroned, on his right a metropolitan of the Holy Catholic Church of the East, on his left a bishop of the Church of England—that is a group the like of which has not been seen within a Christian sanctuary for centuries.

In the midst of four hundred bishops and priests crowded in the apse and under the dome of Trinity Church in Boston, October 5th, there sat in elevated chairs of state the Right Reverend Bishop of Connecticut, Primus of the American Episcopate; the Most Reverend Archbishop of Zante, Greece; and the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia. The participation of the Greek prelate in the consecration of William Lawrence as Bishop of Massachusetts made that ceremony one of the most imposing and significant ecclesiastical functions of recent times. The Most Reverend Archbishop has spoken before the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, but there one was present unofficially and irresponsibly. It is a different matter for a high functionary of one church to give his presence and blessing within the chancel of another, and that at the induction of a priest into the jealously guarded order of bishops.

When, in 1054, the legates of Pope Leo IX. laid on the high altar of St. Sophia the ban excommunicating the Oriental Church, and the Patriarch of Constantinople—the Turk at his gates—and his brethren promptly replied by launching the anathema of the Holy Orthodox Church against the Pope of Rome and his followers, the two great bodies into which were gathered all the Christians of the world had solemnly cut each other off from the kingdom of Christ. Just five hundred years later there emerged from the Roman obedience a church which, repudiating the accumulated dogmas of the Latin theology, and holding only to the simple creed of early Christianity, upon which the Greek theology rests, seemed designated by Providence for the work of reuniting the East and the West. With the increase of mutual understanding, the mutual sympathy between the Church of England and the Greek Church has been growing stronger, and has now exhibited itself in a token of fellowship which is certain to lead to events of the highest importance for the Christian future.

Dionysus Latas is a great man, profound of thought, keen of judgment, statesmanlike in action; he is a leader in Greece. He is Archbishop of the apostolic see of Zante—Zante, the most beautiful and populous of the Ionian isles. The Archbishop is striking in appearance, full of dignity, with a face thoughtful and strong but kindly. He was attired at the consecration in calimauchion and rasson, wound about with a scarlet sash and chains of gold supporting crosses and insignia, a velvet robe of royal purple, and a flowing veil of black. In the service he was delighted to witness, what Greece has sturdily maintained against Rome, the use of leavened bread for the communion, to see around him bearded priests, and to hear in English his own *Trishagion*, *Gloria in Excelsis*, and the Nicene Creed, all the productions of the Greek Church. Certainly he had never heard the *Trishagion* sung to those wonderful strains of Gounod's (*Sanctus*), for the Greeks do not use the organ in worship.

Immediately after the sermon the Archbishop was conducted to the chancel steps, and there he gave to the Episcopal Church in America the greetings of the Holy Catholic Church of the East, and its blessings upon the consecration about to take place. His address was like a continuation of the sermon. In a noble and generous spirit Bishop Whipple had pleaded for a reunion of Christians. Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Unitarian ministers, present as honored guests, heard the venerable prelate proclaim: "We are brothers. The Holy Spirit has passed over the barriers between us, and has set his seal on your labors as on ours. We must pray as we have never prayed that all who love Christ may be one in the fellowship of a common faith. I believe that God in His providence has designed that our branch of the Church should hold up the olive branch over this strife, and say, 'Ye are brothers.'"

And then they heard the great visitor say, in broken English, to the bishops and priests before him: "You are Protestant, but you are Catholic. As Protestants you comprehend all the other Protestant bodies, and, on the other hand, you alone can draw the attention of the Catholic churches. Your church, sister of the other Protestant churches and sister of the other Catholic churches, is the centre to which all the eminent pastors of Christians will in the future cast their eyes, when, by the grace of God, they will [shall] decide to take steps for the union of the Christian world into one Church with one Pastor. I embrace you."

At the conclusion of the service the Archbishop pronounced the benediction of the West; and then closing the book, with uplifted hands and radiant face, he poured forth in sonorous Greek that of the East.

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE.

A SONG.

I AM like a bow that is bended and strong,
Then aside by the forester tossed—
In anger, impatience, away from him flung—
When he finds his last arrow is lost.

For I had a song I would sing unto thee,
I have thought of it all through the day;
Thy coming awaketh Love's sweet melody,
But all lost are the words I would say.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

IS EVERYBODY SUPERSTITIOUS?

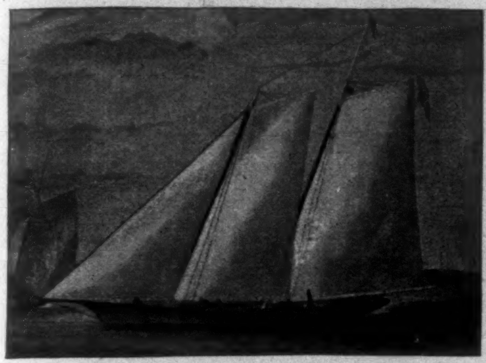
A UNITED STATES Senator is reported to have said, a few months before he died, that he was not superstitious, but that he believed his life was in some mysterious way bound up with that of a certain pine-tree in his dooryard. This statement manifestly is as consistent with itself as if one were to say, "I am not afraid of ghosts, but I fear them greatly." The report goes on to say that last summer the fatal pine-tree began to wither, and a few weeks before the death of the Senator it died. Accepting the report as published, the event evidently justified the Senator's forebodings, and we need not doubt that there existed in some degree a casual connection between the death of the tree and that of the man. But of course the only possible operation of this cause was through the imagination of the man. Having in some way conceived the absurd fancy that the tree's life was bound up with his own, he must naturally have watched the withering of the tree with apprehension, and the gloomy forebodings thus aroused may very probably have been actively influential in turning the scale against a heart already weakened by disease. In a sense, it was superstition that killed him.

Of course this report, as instanced, may not be true; but whether true or false, it serves equally well to point a moral; for if not true as an individual belief, it may fairly stand as representative of the superstitious beliefs of a large percentage of the cultivated people of to-day. We talk of superstition as a thing of the past, but in point of fact it would be hard to find an individual who has altogether banished it from his daily life. One man believes in lucky or unlucky days, and is directly influenced in his every-day actions by this belief. Another is downcast if he has seen the new moon over his left shoulder. A third will not pass a pin on the street without stooping to pick it up, or is greatly annoyed if a wayfarer chances to pass between himself and a companion with whom he is walking. And so on throughout the absurd and wearisome list. Certain classes of people—notably gamblers, speculators, and actors—seem peculiarly under the spell of superstitious ideas, but it is hard to find a person in any calling who down in his heart does not cherish at least one eccentric little idea which, if analyzed, must be confessed to be a pure superstition. Even if he openly tries to root that idea out of his mind, very likely it will still cling. A member of the Thirteen Club, who prefers to begin a journey on Friday, may shudder in spite of himself if he chances to break a mirror. Such little inconsistencies are deep-seated. They will not vanish at the bidding.

The really significant thing, however, is not that superstitions still cling, but that they have been so nearly banished. The relatively few that remain are mere reminiscences of the times not far gone when superstition was rampant, and the persons who entertain them realize their absurdity even while they allow themselves to be dominated by them. It is as hard to find a man who will acknowledge that he is superstitious as to find one who really is not superstitious. Even when confessing one's little whim, it is customary to disavow its implications in the same breath. If A spills the salt, and is detected throwing a pinch of it over his shoulder, he invariably says, half-apologetically, "I am not superstitious, but I do not like to spill salt without at once throwing some of it over my shoulder." The general disavowal always precedes the specific admission, regardless of the fact that the two are utterly inconsistent. The act itself was *prima facie* evidence of a deep-seated superstitious belief, which, however, the intellect repudiates. The repudiation is of more significance than the reminiscent act. It marks a distinct phase of intellectual evolution. It shows our progress toward a stage of culture that shall fully recognize in practice, what is already admitted in theory, that law, not chance, rules the world.

AMATEUR-SPORT

The international yacht-race has been sailed, and for the eighth time we have successfully defended our title and the *America's* Cup—the Blue Ribbon of the ocean. The story of this world's championship trophy is a remarkable one. The schooner *America* won it in '51 against a fleet of a dozen, all larger, with one or two exceptions, than herself, and over a course very difficult for a stranger. From that day to this, in all the races for the cup, a challenger has won but a single heat, and that on October 19, 1871, when the *Columbia* broke down in her third race against *Livonia* (after having won two), and was defeated by the Englishman; the latter being beaten, however, the remaining two heats by *Sappho*.



AMERICA IN HER ORIGINAL RIG.
Fragment of Painting by A. Fowles, owned by Franklin M. Ring, Esq.

Of the contests fresher in our memory, *i. e.*, those in which the modern racing yacht began to figure, we have won nine straight heats. *Puritan* took two from *Genesta*, *Mayflower* two from *Galatea*, *Volunteer* the same number from *Thistle*, and now *Vigilant*, the peerless sloop of 1893, has won three straight from *Valkyrie*, the fastest and ablest racing yacht that ever floated in English waters. What these successive contests have done for American and English yacht-designing we have attempted to show in the last one or two issues of the **Weekly**. But it is opportune to call attention to those comments now in the light of *Valkyrie's* fine sailing throughout the five heats, two not being finished in the *time* limit, and therefore "no race," but showing, nevertheless, the qualities of both boats under variable conditions.

COMPARATIVE MEASUREMENTS.

Vigilant.—Length on load water-line, 86.19 feet; from end of boom to forward side of mast, 99.37 feet; from fore side of mast to end of jibstay, 73.80 feet; from fore side of mast to jib-topsail stay, 75.90 feet; from fore side of mast to forward point of measurement, 74.85 feet; from fore side of mast to outer end of spinnaker boom, 74.62 feet; deck to upper side of main boom, 3.08 feet; deck to topsail halyard block, 125.96 feet; deck to hounds, 69.08 feet; length of topmast, 56.88 feet; length of gaff, 54.76 feet.

Valkyrie.—Length on load water-line, 85.92 feet; end of boom to forward side of mast, 92.60 feet; forward side of mast to jibstay, 66.16 feet; fore side of mast to jib-topsail stay, 66.16 feet; fore side of mast to forward point of measurement, 66.16 feet; fore side of mast to outer end of spinnaker boom, 72 feet; deck to upper side of boom, 3.03 feet; deck to upper side of topsail halyard block, 114.86 feet; deck to hounds, 63.30 feet; length of topmast, 51.56 feet; length of gaff, 55.57 feet.

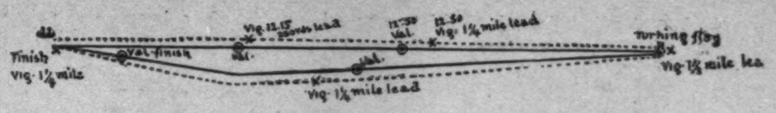
	Vigilant. Feet.	*Valkyrie.* Feet
Sail area	11,272	10,042
International racing measurement	96.78	93.57

Valkyrie is allowed 1 minute 33 seconds. We are able to reproduce the original rig of the *America* in this issue, and append her measurements:

Length over all, 100 feet; length over deck, 94 feet; load water-line, 83 feet; keel, 82 feet; beam, 22.6 feet; depth of hold, 9.3 feet; draught, 11.6 feet; tonnage, old measurement, C. H., 170 tons; displacement tons, 191; mainmast, 81 feet; foremast, 79.6 feet; maintopmast, 33.6 feet; main boom, 58 feet; main gaff, 28 feet; fore gaff, 24 feet; bowsprit, outboard, 17 feet.

Yachtsmen who looked upon the *Valkyrie*, as she lay in the dry-dock immediately after her arrival, recognized in her the *Thistle* type, but noted the finer lines, and felt they foreshadowed a harder race for the cup than any defender had yet been given. She looked to be a more powerful craft, and one certain to go to windward better than any boat England had sent over, while the long, moderately full lines of her bow meant that in a seaway she would make good weather of it at small loss of speed. What *Valkyrie's* lines told us on the dry-dock were fulfilled in her sailing from October 5th to 13th.

Comparing the two boats, we found the *Valkyrie* with a light hull, powerful bilge, narrow beam, fine entrance, great draught, and a vertical keel with low lead for holding on to the windward. In the *Vigilant* we saw very easy lines, great beam, and corresponding stability, fine entrance, perpendicular keel, good draught, and a centreboard. Aloft, the *Valkyrie* was much heavier than the *Vigilant*, the same being true of the general rigging throughout the two yachts.



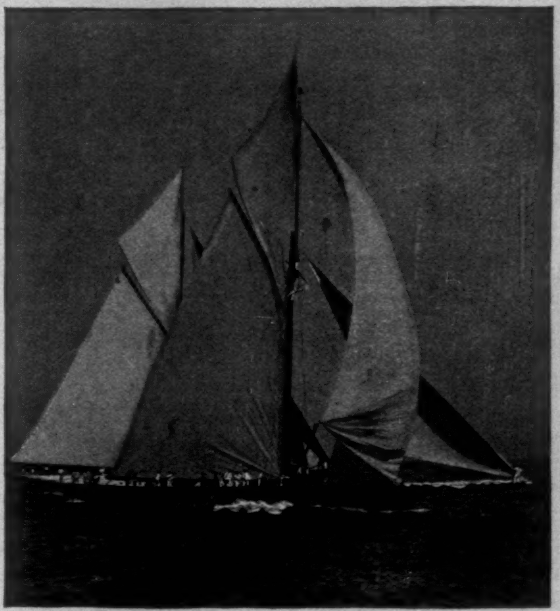
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7TH—HOW THE YACHTS SAILED.

In the water the long and finely drawn out bow and stern of the *Vigilant* showed in marked contrast to the squarer stern and stub-nosed bow of the *Valkyrie*. We noted too that the cutter's bowsprit was well housed, and her stay-sail came in-board a yard farther than on the cup-defender; that she stuck to the British tiller in place of the wheel common in usage on this side.

Looking over the two yachts as they danced upon the water, pulling impatiently at their anchors as though eager to be off, the *Vigilant* appeared more the clean sleek racer, while the *Valkyrie* impressed one as more sturdy, if less swift.

Although it would be very interesting to those who did not see any of the racing, and who live too far away to talk it over with those who did, to read something of the great fleet of steamboats, tug-boats, and yachts, sail and steam, that followed the *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie* over the course each day, yet there is no space here to give more than a hint of the thousands of spectators who watched the fortunes of the cup-defender. Of the work of the newspapers, with their flotilla of tugs, cameras, carrier-pigeons, and wig-wagging, too, there is only room to comment on its efficiency and comprehensiveness. The great American newspaper kept pace with the great American yacht.

The contest between *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie* through the five days of sailing demonstrated three things beyond a question of doubt—first, and above all else, that *Vigilant* is the better all-round boat, and in any five races she would win at least four of them; second, that *Valkyrie* is a handier boat; third, that in a heavy seaway, with any kind of a breeze, from fairly heavy to very heavy, she is at least as good to windward as *Vigilant*, if not better. Unquestionably she was better to windward in the final race last Friday, when there was a heavy sea and a wind that was never less than twenty miles an hour strong. But she gained such an advantage at the start, not only in securing the weather side of the line, but by compelling *Vigilant* to luff up just in crossing and lose her headway, that whether the one minute and fifty-five seconds between the two at the outer mark actually represented the *Valkyrie's* superiority over the *Vigilant* under such conditions is hard to say. Undoubtedly the lines of the cutter mark her a much easier boat to drive through a nasty sea; it being easily perceptible that the great beam of the *Vigilant* spanks the water into great billows of foam, and, of course, retards her speed, while the *Valkyrie* sticks her nose into it, and glides through with scarcely an effect on her headway. Nevertheless, the race of last Friday does not satisfy, at least the writer, that *Valkyrie* is unquestionably superior on the wind in a heavy sea; if she can beat *Vigilant*, certainly those are the only conditions under which she can do it, and Friday's race was not decisive enough to prove that she is superior beyond question on that point of sailing.



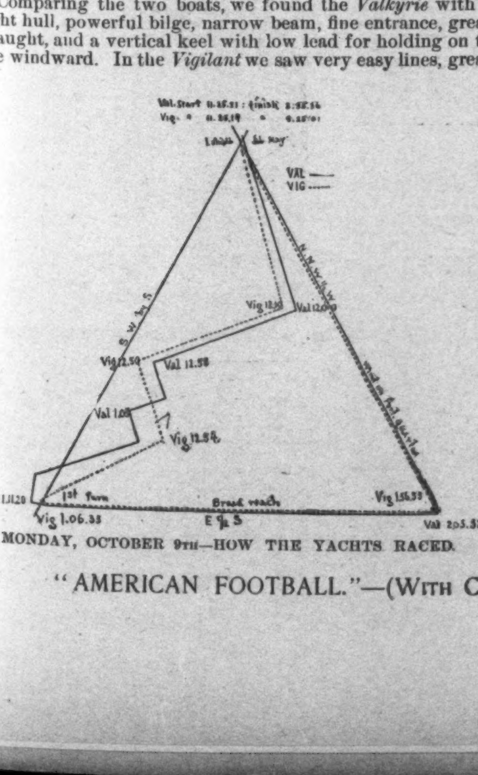
OCTOBER 7TH—JUST ACROSS THE STARTING-LINE.
Valkyrie Leading.

That "Valkyrie" pointed higher on the fifteen-mile thrash to windward cannot be denied, but whether that came from the pounding *Vigilant* was doing, and the consequent inability to hold on to the wind as closely as usual, or whether Nat Herreshoff, who was at the wheel and knows every rib in her body, was letting her off so that she might make up the handicap of the start by out-footing her rival, remains to be known. The writer should want to see at least one more race under similar conditions and an equal start before he would be convinced of the English boat's superiority, though he admits without argument that the difference is exceedingly small, and the odds, of Friday, in favor of the cutter. One cannot say what the result might have been had the order of things at the start been reversed, and *Vigilant* got the windward position of *Valkyrie*; it is not improbable she would not have been a minute and fifty-five seconds behind *Valkyrie* at the mark, and, indeed, it must be considered, in setting down this time, that *Vigilant* did not cross the line until seventeen seconds after the *Valkyrie*, so that besides losing her headway she was that much behind in starting. This would give her an actual beating in sailing to the mark of one minute and thirty-eight, instead of fifty-five, seconds. This, of course, counts for nothing in the official timing by the one-gun start, and is only commented on here to bring the comparison of the two as close as possible.

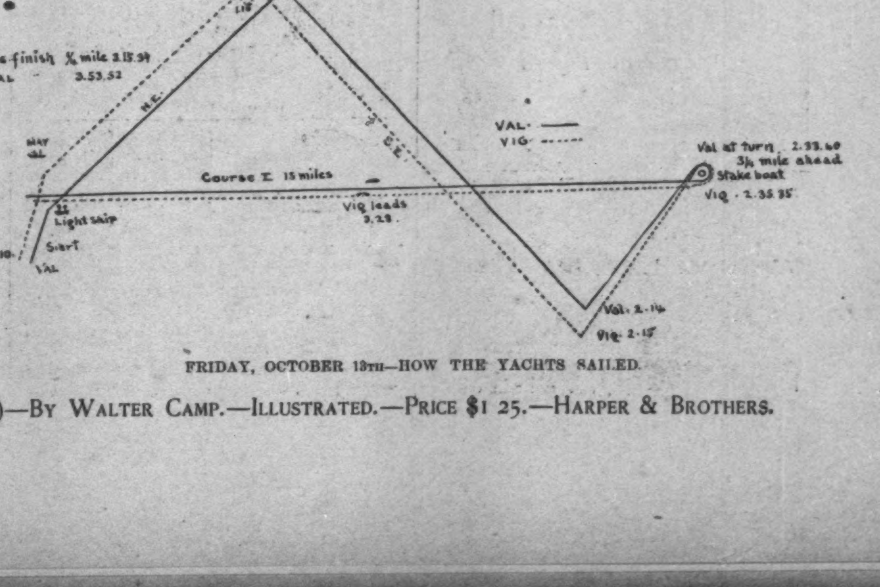
A SAMPLE LOAD OF SPECTATORS.
Waiting for the Start.

The one-gun start has caused quite a deal of comment among yachtsmen, and some of the most prominent have been quite emphatic in denouncing it as unfair. It is not the American method of starting, and was instituted in these international races because Lord Dunraven requested it. At the same time there does not seem to be enough of bad in it to create so much opposition. In fact, it rather appeals to the writer as being quite the proper kind of a start in a race of such importance, and where no more than two boats are concerned. The claim is put up against it that it leads to "jockeying" at the start, but if the words "smart handling" be substituted for "jockeying," the facts will be nearer given. A one-gun start would not be possible in a club regatta where each class may have three, four, or even half a dozen entered, but in a match race where two are concerned, why should not smart handling cut a feature at the start as much as it does after the line is crossed? If our education in smart handling had been more thorough we very likely should not have seen the *Vigilant* so completely outdone at the start as she was on last Friday's race, and on the one of the preceding Wednesday, which was not finished within the prescribed time limit. Smart handling is a quality we need on our racing craft—not that we do it badly, but the British skippers do it so much better. The start is the all-important point in every race, and the place where skill counts for much. There is no reason why yacht-racing should differ from all other sports. It takes much cleverer work to get over the line on even terms with your rival on a one-gun start than on the kind we use, where a certain number of minutes after the starting-gun are allowed the racers to get over, and their time is taken from the actual start, until the limit has expired and the handicap gun fired. If American yachtsmen protest against the one-gun start, it will be the first instance on record where our sportsmen have failed to follow the course that called for the most skilful work.

Notwithstanding the lines of *Valkyrie* suggested what she might do in a seaway, nearly every one, including some of her own handlers, had concluded by Thursday night that



MONDAY, OCTOBER 9TH—HOW THE YACHTS RACED.



FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13TH—HOW THE YACHTS SAILED.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(With Chapter on Team-Play.)—By Walter Camp.—Illustrated.—Price $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.

the long-standing discussion on the comparative merits of keel and centreboard had finally been disposed of in favor of the American type. Now, however, since *Valkyrie's* fine sailing in Friday's race the arguments have begun with all their pristine choler. It is not our purpose to fling ourselves into the heated debate. To this department the question appears to have been settled long ago, so far as it touches the all-round qualities of a boat. No one has ever ventured to assert that the keel boat had nothing to commend itself to the consideration of yachtsmen. We have had keel boats enough of a quality to make such a statement read asinine. But we are of the opinion that the centreboard is the best all-round type, and we add, as an incidental, that if that type cannot beat the keel on every point of sailing, in every kind of weather, the result would be so close as to make the best of fights for our money. Taking the two boats *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie*, for instance, as the highest creations of their respective types, we have seen that in every one of the races, Friday's excepted, the *Valkyrie* has been beaten by the *Vigilant* with so much to spare that but for the international character of the contest the event was robbed of its interest. In windward work, in reaching, in running, in very light, in moderate, and in fairly heavy airs, in a sea from smooth to where it had grown angry enough to don its white cap, the *Vigilant*, queen of our centre-boarders and pride of our hearts, has won from the *Valkyrie*, the admittedly fastest boat in all the Queen's domains, with an ease that certainly took the Britishers aback, and surprised even we who expected victory for our defender.

THE KEEL ENTHUSIASTS WOULD NOT, INDEED, have a peg on which to hang a single hope but for Friday's race. From an entirely unprejudiced point of view we have endeavored to analyze the performance of that day, and to show that while too much honor cannot be accorded *Valkyrie* for her grand performance on the day's all-round work, we must regard *Vigilant* in such weather at least as good as *Valkyrie* until the question is more decisively settled. This is talking purely on the work of the two boats, irrespective of broken spinnakers, obstinate centreboards, discourteous yacht captains, and other accidents. There is not the glimmer of a doubt of *Vigilant's* superiority up to Friday's race, and on that day's work we believe the two boats break just even, as one's mishaps were about equalled by the other's. However, we are quite as decided in our opinion that the chances of *Vigilant's* success under such conditions diminish as the seaway becomes heavier. There is one condition of wind and weather in which we feel *Vigilant* would be beaten by *Valkyrie*, and that is in a beat up a river or on any body of water where short tacks were necessary. The cutter is so much handier, so much quicker in stays, that under such conditions it would be strange if she did not reach the finish first. These are conditions, however, under which it would never be fair to race, and we shall not see such a contest. The other, however, a nasty heavy seaway and fairly stiffish to very heavy wind, is a possibility at any time and a desirable condition at all times. On this, then, the only condition under which we have not everlastingly beaten the Britisher, we have broken even. Therefore we say the international contest of '93 has again demonstrated the unquestioned superiority of the American racing yacht in all-round work, besides proving that in any series of races, whether two out of three, three out of five, or five out of seven, British designers are not yet skilful enough to turn out a boat that can win the complement of even the small end of the series.

IN THE HANDLING OF THE YACHTS we must yield the palm to the Britishers. Probably they were favored by having but one skipper on board, who was really capable of giving directions, and whose judgment was unquestioned and will supreme; but this does not account entirely for the beautiful work of the crew in setting sails, in sheeting them home, and in getting their boat under way after going about. Nor is the crew of the *Valkyrie* altogether responsible for the marvellous quickness of the cutter in filling away. Designer Watson has made her the quickest boat of her size in stays that we have ever seen, and had *Vigilant* been as quick, the difference in handling would not have been so apparent. Captain Cranfield made but one mistake throughout the series, and that was when he tacked inshore on Wednesday, expecting the *Vigilant* to again follow him; but this did not count against *Valkyrie*, as Wednesday's contest was not finished within the time limit of six hours. The crew of the *Valkyrie*, and of all English boats, is better drilled, for the simple reason that on the other side the men, as a rule, all come from about the same locality, and are kept together and drilled together until their work is well-nigh perfect. Over here our crews must necessarily be a heterogeneous lot, gathered as they are from the European wanderers and the comparatively small class of Americans to be had.

THE STORY OF THE *America's* Cup race is not a very exciting one up to the last heat, on Friday, October 13th. The first attempt, October 5th, resulted in a fluke, which left the *Vigilant* so far astern that she was 26 minutes and 42 seconds behind *Valkyrie* turning the outer mark, and neither finishing within the limit of 6 hours, it became no race. The second, on October 7th, and the third, October 9th, were, neither of them, close enough to create much enthusiasm. Up to the last race, unquestionably the most interesting work was seen on the 15-mile beat to windward on Wednesday, October 11th, which also resulted in no race from failure to finish within the time limit. The diagrams published show the reader just how the yachts sailed in the three races, no record being made of October 5th and 11th, except in what running comment the writer makes.

The "fluke" race has already been commented upon in the WEEKLY, and there remains nothing to tell now except, as matter of record, to say the course was "15 miles to windward or leeward and return," and that the first leg was made to leeward before a gentle northerly breeze that barely filled the huge spinnakers of the yachts. The American beat the British skipper across the line by a couple of lengths, and continued to increase her lead until a quarter of a mile of water lay between them. There was very little of a move on either yacht, and their great sails swung lazily, the boom of the *Vigilant* splashing in the water more frequently than that of *Valkyrie*, though the latter's canvas was pulling very little.

THE START WAS MADE AT 11.25. At 1.15 *Vigilant*, in taking in her spinnaker, was headed by a shifting wind, and quickly got in irons, in which she lay, bobbing up and down in the mean time, until 1.35, when she began to start after *Valkyrie*, which had held her wind, caught up, and put a mile to the good. There has been much criticism of the *Vigilant's* captain in the handling of his boat during her period in the doldrums. There are certain exigencies in yachting beyond the most astute skipper, and this may have been one of them; the writer having been at the moment near the *Valkyrie*, and out of *Vigilant's* air, he is not prepared to pass judgment, other than to say that the hauling down of the *Vigilant's* only head-sail just at the moment when above all others it was important she should not lose her headway, seemed decidedly peculiar. To have taken in spinnaker without leaving the jib to hold the yacht's way was a curious thing to do with the wind shifting ahead.

This day gave the first opportunity of looking over the *Valkyrie's* sails. Her mainsail set fairly well, though wrinkled slightly at clew and tack; her spinnaker of Irish linen stretched clear across her deck, and was sheeted home at the foot of her lee rigging. Her club-topsail was a pretty piece of canvas and set well; but her head-sails were simply beautiful—nothing like them has ever been seen—they were perfect. The Englishmen set their sails flying, instead of running them up in stops as we do, and breaking them out. It was their English way of doing it that undoubtedly split their second spinnaker on Friday. Once they had rounded the mark, October 5th, *Vigilant* commenced to gain on *Valkyrie*, as she had, indeed, begun doing shortly before reaching the mark. The wind had not increased, and what little there was had shifted to all points of the compass. At 5.08 *Vigilant* took in her balloon jib-topsail, *Valkyrie* following suit two minutes later; and eight miles from the finish, with the time limit lacking fifteen minutes of expiration, both hailed a tug, and the first heat for the *America's* Cup was at an end, and had showed nothing to count upon.

"THE DEAD BEAT AND DEAD RUN" to which we all look for the surest test of a yacht's speed had failed to reach a successful issue on October 5th, but it came off all right on the second attempt, October 7th, and for the first time *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie* fought it out to the finish. It was a light sailing breeze that came out of the southwest, and was always more or less fitful, growing perceptibly lighter at the finish. Before the race it was said to be *Valkyrie's* "weather"; as a matter of fact, the cutter was credited with liking many different kinds of weather before the week ended, but one never found out just which was her day until that Friday's drive through a seaway.

The course was the same as on the 5th, 15 miles to lee-

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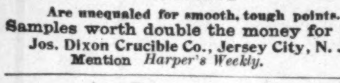

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ward or windward and return, and both yachts went away to leeward at 11.25 to a beautiful start, the *Valkyrie's* bow just showing in the lead. The cutter had her spinnaker sheeted farther aft than *Vigilant's*, and appeared to get more help from it. She got a great lift just after crossing the line, and when her balloon jib-topsail had been broken out she moved away rapidly, and soon had the American several lengths astern. *Valkyrie* seemed to feel and respond to the breeze quicker not only on this day but throughout the series.

MEANWHILE "VIGILANT'S" SPINNAKER WAS NOT doing so well by her, but at 12.05 it was sheeted farther aft, like the Englishman's, and at once the cup-defender began to pick up. Her sudden gait was as astonishing as gratifying; she simply hauled right up on *Valkyrie*, and in five minutes had left her a good length astern. *Vigilant* was sailing two feet to *Valkyrie's* one, and those who had been loud in claiming the cutter's superiority in a "dead run" were seeking wisdom in silent meditation. It was a fitful breeze; at 12.28 it had shifted, and both yachts took in spinnakers; at 12.45 they were set again, and at 1.21 again they were taken in. At 1.40 the breeze freshened, and both were going better. *Valkyrie* had gained a trifle, but *Vigilant* began to increase her lead up to the mark, which she turned 8 minutes and 4 seconds before *Valkyrie*.

The way the British cutter went round the mark was beautiful to behold; she whirled about on her heel in very clever fashion, and went away on the port tack, setting her baby jib-topsail. *Vigilant* apparently had no need for such a sail, as she held to her jib and staysail only and kept up her pace. She was pointing a little higher than *Valkyrie* and footing a bit faster, but the cutter was standing up prettily to her work, stiffer than *Vigilant*, and going through the water smoothly.

An hour after rounding the mark *Valkyrie* was doing her best work, and seemed to be gaining a little. The breeze had freshened, and *Vigilant* was nearly rail down, while *Valkyrie* still stood up. At 3.17 *Vigilant* broke out her balloon jib-topsail, and *Valkyrie* astonished the natives, who heard the Britisher had no such canvas, by doing the same. Both were doing pretty work, but the breeze had flattened out a bit, when *Vigilant* finished at 3.30.47, and *Valkyrie* followed 7 minutes and 37 seconds later. The cutter had gained 23 seconds on the reach home.

OCTOBER SEVENTH.

	Start.	Finish.	Time. H. M. S.
Vigilant	11.25	3.30.47	4.05.47
Valkyrie	11.25	3.38.23	4.11.35

Vigilant allows 1 m., 48 sec., and wins by 5 m., 48 sec.

Thus in the first race the American disproved the—in some quarters—popular theory of the cutter's superiority in a dead run.

BUT THE BEATING OF THIS SATURDAY was letting the challenger off easy as compared with the triumph of *Vigilant* on the following Monday, in the second race. It was over the triangular course, ten miles to a leg, and was fondly hoped by the Regatta Committee to comprise a beat, a run, and a reach, but this time it was a reach for two legs, with one of windward work. This state of affairs, however, solaced the British heart, for it had gone forth that "reaching" was *Valkyrie's* strongest point. It certainly looked at the start as though *Valkyrie's* "day" had really arrived. They went over the line almost together, with *Vigilant* in the windward position, but the cutter, with her beautifully setting head-sails drawing full, went through the sloop's lee, and in ten minutes had gained a lead of 300 yards. During this time the *Vigilant's* skipper had been pinching her until her head-sails shivered as though a blast of Jersey's ague-laden lowlands had swept over her, but, notwithstanding, she held the cutter when the latter had got to the end of her little spurt. When *Vigilant* began to creep up, *Valkyrie's* skipper took a turn at pinching to keep his boat up on the wind, but his efforts were futile, for the cutter kept sliding off to leeward, and Captain Cranfield had an object-lesson in the beauties of a centreboard. At 11.45, with head-sails still shaking, *Vigilant* began creeping up slowly, while *Valkyrie*, with never a quiver in her canvas, was going through the water cleanly, but falling off to leeward. The cutter's club-topsail was setting perfectly, while the wrinkles of the previous day in the clew and tack of her mainsail had nearly disappeared.

"VIGILANT" CONTINUED GAINING, and had closed the gap between them by noon; but again Herreshoff, who held the wheel, pinched, and *Valkyrie* pulled away for two lengths. *Vigilant* was footing fast, however, and by the time the cutter had settled to business in the lead the centreboarder had pulled up about even. At 12.08 *Valkyrie* went about, and tacked under the stern of *Vigilant* into the weather position, the cup-defender meanwhile having been footing it fast and pointing high. In the work from now up to the rounding of the first mark *Vigilant* simply sailed all round the Britisher. The American's windward work was unbeatable, and after *Valkyrie* had tacked and luffed into the windward position, *Vigilant* in fact ate into her wind so marvellously that she actually, without a tack or luff, crossed the *Valkyrie's* bow and assumed the windward position. At 12.16 *Vigilant* was nearly a quarter of a mile ahead, steadily gaining, and, well heeled over, was going through the water like a race-horse; her club-sail was not setting well and neither was *Valkyrie's*. At 12.49 *Vigilant* tacked, and proved to be fully three-quarters of a mile to windward, and at 1.06 she rounded the first mark, followed by *Valkyrie* 4 minutes and 46 seconds later. From here to the second mark it was a reach, and the *Vigilant* was going at a gait too lively for the smartest tugs. She continued to gain, and had increased her lead to 9 minutes when she squared away for the Sandy Hook Light-ship. Her time for the ten miles between the first and second marks was 50 minutes and 22 seconds. She kept up her speed, and going like a scared deer, crossed the finish line at 2.50, 12 minutes and 22 seconds ahead of *Valkyrie*. On the second leg the wind had kicked up quite a sea, but it seemed to have no effect on the cup-defender's pace.

OCTOBER NINTH.

	Start.	Finish.	Time. H M. S.
Vigilant	11.25	2.50.01	3.25.01
Valkyrie	11.25	3.02.24	3.35.36

Vigilant allows 1 m., 48 sec., and wins by 10 m., 35 sec.

ALTHOUGH THE RACE OF OCTOBER 11TH was not finished within the prescribed time limit, and consequently was called off, it showed the most interesting work of the series up to that time, and again demonstrated the unquestioned superiority of the American boat on the wind in light airs. The boats were delayed at the start two hours awaiting a breeze, and the race would have been postponed then and there but for Lord Dunraven, who preferred making an attempt to cover the 15 miles to leeward or windward and return within the limit. The *Valkyrie* out-manœuvred *Vigilant* on the start, and went over the line on the windward position and 50 seconds to the good. There was very little breeze, and the prospect of more was not encouraging. *Valkyrie* had two lengths the better of it, and was doing so well that again the cry went up that this must be the Britisher's day; and so, indeed, it seemed for over half the distance. The two stood inshore a long way breeze hunting, and for a time *Valkyrie* appeared to get the better of every tack. She kept *Vigilant* on her lee, and curiously enough the latter seemed to ignore a couple of opportunities to get out. The British skipper "tried it on" once too often, however, and *Vigilant* slipped by and footed rapidly while *Valkyrie* stood inshore. Shortly afterwards *Vigilant* crossed *Valkyrie's* bow into the windward position, and the Britisher had been beaten in one of the prettiest windward matches ever seen.

After this *Vigilant* increased her lead rapidly, and turned the stake at 6.08—7 minutes and 50 seconds before *Valkyrie*. Shortly afterwards each took a tow for home, the time limit having expired.

OF THE FINAL RACE, OCTOBER 13TH, there remains little to be said that has not been commented on in the first paragraphs of the department. There was a heavy seaway, and a breeze that never blew less than 20 miles an hour. The course was 15 miles to windward and return. From the start, up to the inshore tack the boats made towards rounding the mark, it was hard to say which boat was leading; *Valkyrie* was pointing higher and making better weather of it, but *Vigilant* seemed to be footing faster. It looked as though two opportunities on the *Vigilant* were not taken advantage of to get out of the *Valkyrie's* lee, but if so they were made up for by her cleverness in shaking the reef out of mainsail and setting club-topsail, while *Valkyrie* carried her half reef and working club home. It was tack and tack all the way out, with *Valkyrie* holding the *Vigilant* under her lee. Rounding the mark 1 minute 55 seconds after *Valkyrie*, *Vigilant* half-way home had caught and passed the Britisher before she lost two spinnakers and finally set a third. Undoubtedly this handicapped *Valkyrie*, but the jammed halyards and centreboard of *Vigilant* somewhat offsets it, and we must conclude that on the day's accidents *Valkyrie* had not enough the worse of it to account for her defeat.

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH.

	Start.	Finish.	Time. H. M. S.
Vigilant	12.27	3.51.29	3.24 39
Valkyrie	12.27	3.53.52	3.26.52

Vigilant allows 1 m., 33 sec., and wins by 40 sec. Vigilant ran home in 1 h., 16 min., 4 sec., Valkyrie in 1 h., 20 min., 4 sec.

THE ISSUE OF WHAT THE NEWSMONGERS would have had us believe was to be a serious quarrel has not justified all the excitement. The captains of the Harvard and Yale teams met as usual at Springfield and appointed umpire and referee for their game. Messrs. Moffat and Schoff are the two chosen, and there is nothing now left between us and as remarkable a football game as we have ever seen except a few short weeks of preparation.

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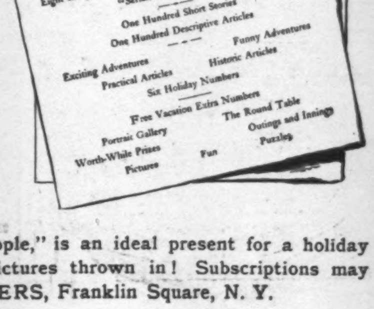

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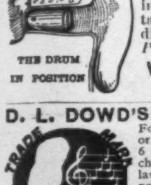

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